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Contents

[FEBRUARY 1895

PAGE

An Arranged Marriage. Chaps. XI.—XIII. 331

By DOROTHEA GERARD, Author of 'Lady Baby' &c.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.

LECTURE VII. 360

By J. A. FROUDE

'Halfway between the Stiles' 374

By MRS. MOLESWORTH

The Dream of the Psychometer. 388

By MAY KENDALL

**Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Suez and
Panama Canals** 394

By W. H. WHEELER

San Stefano: a Ballad of the Bold 'Menelaus' . 412

By HENRY NEWBOLT

Only Kitty: a 'Kodak' of London Life 426

By L. B. WALFORD

At the Sign of the Ship 432

By ANDREW LANG

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THE FIVE SENSES.

THE COMBINED USE IN A PRACTICAL FORM
MEANS COMMON SENSE, OR IN OTHER WORDS
THE ACME OF THIS LIFE.
HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF LIFE.



WE ARE MAKING
THE MOST OF LIFE

Physically when we are sustaining our bodies on THE SIMPLEST FOODS. THE VAST MAJORITY of people are ABSOLUTELY WRONG on the subject of feeding; they think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse.

I am the Director of an Insurance Company, and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life; if, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious and the other be competent and frugal, even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as twenty per cent. at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

DIVES DIED IN PLENTY,
LAZARUS IN POVERTY.
DO NOT DIE LIKE LAZARUS
IF YOU CAN HELP IT,
AND DO NOT DIE LIKE DIVES
IF YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY;
BUT FIND THE HAPPY CONDITION,
EASY ENOUGH TO FIND IF YOU
determine to learn how on least food you can
do the most and best work.

Sir B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

MORAL!—EAT TO LIVE,

Or, when ailing, pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation; attempt no conformity to the laws of life; but gormandise to your uttermost bent, and always avoid the use of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' AND ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,'

AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED TO

'Learn of the Body what a frail and fickle Tenement it is,
Which, like the Brittle Glass that measures Time,
Is often broke ere half its sands are run.'

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK and HOUSEHOLD
OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

TO all Leaving Home for a Change.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to prevent the bile becoming too thick and impure, producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a serious illness.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Cavendish Square, W. : October 26, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I have recently returned from Eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years.

I enjoyed phenomenal health, and in my opinion it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'Fruit Salt,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying my life was preserved by it.

On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with 'mal de mer,' and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
ANGLO-AFRICAN.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia proves it.

Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1895.

An Arranged Marriage.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD,

AUTHOR OF 'LADY BABY,' 'A QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM,' &C.,
AND JOINT-AUTHOR OF 'REATA,' &C.

CHAPTER XI.

ANNIE'S CATECHISM.

IT was two days after the evening spent in the Curhaus gardens that the ragged urchin whom Mr. Brand had occasionally seen herding goats in the river-bed brought him a note from the Principessa.

'Bring me your daughter immediately,' the note ran. 'Something has happened which renders it indispensable that I should see her without further delay. I know it is a risk, but I have sent Luigi to Terrente, where he is to have the pictures valued. He will not be back till to-morrow. Tell her that I am anxious to cultivate English conversation.'

'We're going to walk across the valley this afternoon,' said Mr. Brand, half an hour later, to Annie. And with an attempt at joviality he added, 'There's a lady over there who wants to practise her English upon you.'

Mrs. Brand timidly cleared her throat.

'But won't the road be very bad, Thomas, after the rain? Annie was a little tired last time, and——'

It was the feeblest of efforts to fight against Fate, and she

knew it to be so. If Thomas willed that Annie should be taken to the Principessa, of course she would be taken, whether a road led thither or not. This Principessa, whom she was continually hearing of now, but had never yet seen, inspired her with a nameless terror. She trembled before her in thought as before the person in whose hand lay Annie's happiness or misery. Annie herself could not in the least understand why her mother could never look at her nowadays with dry eyes. The moist gaze which was apt to follow her about the room irresistibly reminded her of the way in which people are supposed to look at a lamb that is being led to slaughter.

For some reason, unintelligible to his daughter, Mr. Brand was very careful about going down the back staircase to-day, and when addressed by an acquaintance he hurriedly replied that he was only going out for a little air. It looked almost as though he would have preferred to leave the Curhaus unobserved. The slight air of mystery attending the whole proceedings made Annie feel as though she were being taken to some forbidden rendezvous.

There had been a sudden and violent thunderstorm in the night, and the two threads of green water which usually slipped between the river-stones like a pair of green snakes had swollen to two angry streams. It was not possible to pursue the usual path. Another road had to be looked for and a good many boulders to be clambered over. Mr. Brand thought nothing of them himself, but he seemed greatly astonished that the delicately clad and eminently high-class young woman by his side should be able to make any progress. He had by no means yet recovered from the astonishment which her first appearance had caused him, and whenever he touched her he did so in the way that children touch a brand-new toy, cautiously and fearfully, as though he were afraid to rub off any of this marvellous gloss of education and manners which had issued so spotless from Miss Bellew's hands.

The sight of the big empty rooms and of the solitary old woman sitting before the empty fireplace took immediate and violent possession of Annie's imagination. She had never seen anything or anybody like it before, and at the sound of her footsteps echoing on the stone floor her heart tightened suddenly with an unexplained fear which seemed like a foreboding.

The Principessa was engaged in her usual occupation of doing nothing.

'Ah, Signor Brand,' had been her greeting, 'so you really have found the leisure to bring your daughter to the Monastero? This is remarkably kind of you. I did not expect you, with these bad roads, to-day. Why did you hurry so? Another day would have done as well.'

The tone was perfectly easy, and the surprise expressed was unmistakable, though not too elaborate. She even pronounced her words rather more leisurely than usual, and yet it required the whole strength of her will to repress the excitement which devoured her, as a very keen observer would have known by the expansion of the pupils and the slight movements of the fingers that held the fan.

'But I certainly understood,' began Mr. Brand, and then, meeting her eye, he relapsed into submissive silence. He could scarcely restrain himself from asking what it was that had happened, but, to-day as ever, the big man was as wax in her hands. Within these walls he never was quite the same man as without them. His usual almost impertinent assurance of demeanour was invariably left at the gate of the Monastero, and, oddly enough, even his manner of moving over the grey flagstones bore a certain resemblance to a person balancing himself upon a sheet of ice.

The Principessa began to talk about the storm in the night and of the damage which it would probably have occasioned in the mountains. She addressed her remarks principally to Mr. Brand, and took apparently so little notice of the girl that Annie, sitting by and listening, could not help reflecting that this was a strange way of practising English upon her. Her eyes wandered round and round the big room and alighted upon the water-colour portrait on the wall. It seemed in a sort of distant way to be familiar to her, and yet she could not have said exactly whom it reminded her of. While she was still puzzling out the question, the Principessa turned unexpectedly towards her.

'The execution of the picture is good, is it not? England is the home of water-colour, so perhaps you may be able to judge. Are you a lover of art?'

'Annie got the first prize for drawing at Miss Bellew's,' remarked Mr. Brand, as carelessly as he could.

'No, I did not,' said Annie abruptly. She could not help wondering how the Principessa had guessed that she was looking at the water-colour, while to all appearance engrossed in conversation.

'That is to say I got it, but I gave it back again to Miss Bellew before I left Cumberley.'

'The deuce you did !' said Mr. Brand aghast. 'What for ?'

The Principessa said nothing, but behind her fan her eyes might have been seen to light up with interest.

'I did not think that I had earned it. There were other girls in the school who drew better than I, and if Miss Bellew gave it to me it was probably because of—because she always favoured me.'

She had meant to say 'because of my money,' but had remembered in time that her father had only yesterday told her that he preferred the people about here not to know how wealthy he was, since he wished to keep clear of begging letters.

'And you think that a prize ought not to be a favour ?' asked the Principessa from behind her fan.

'I think so, because that would mean an injustice.'

'Ah, well. And what did your companions say to your renunciation ?'

'I was only laughed at for my pains, but I am glad I did it.'

'Ah, well,' said the Principessa again, still slowly fanning herself. 'But even if you did not deserve the first prize, that is no reason why you should therefore be a bad artist. I used to be very fond of water-colour painting myself. If you will bring me the portfolio that is standing over there against the wall, I will show you a few old landscapes of the country about here.'

Annie fetched the portfolio and sat down upon a chair that was much nearer to the Principessa. There was now only the breadth of the small inlaid table between them. The Principessa took up her gold eye-glasses as though to recognise the pictures more easily.

'This is a view of some ruins that stand not far from here, higher up in the mountains. It is all that remains of the original seat of this family. The cradle of the race, people call it.'

Annie took the sheet held towards her, and examined the rough but spirited sketch with interest. As she looked up with a question on her lips, she almost started in astonishment. She had met the black eyes of the Principessa fixed upon her face with a gaze of such intense scrutiny that it brought the blood to her cheeks. It was not by any means an unkind gaze, quite the contrary, but it was too piercing and too close to be borne without confusion.

The Principessa made haste to hand her another picture, but Annie did not look at it with the same interest as the last. While she kept her eyes fixed upon the sheet she was asking

herself what it was that this old lady had been looking for in her face, and why she had been looking for it.

From art the conversation passed lightly and easily to music and literature, as well as to a good many other subjects—such as town and country life, society, and even politics. Looking back at this conversation later, Annie could not help wondering a little at her own readiness to talk so openly to an entire stranger, and at her own fluency in giving her opinions and discussing her individual tastes. In recollection she seemed to hear only her own voice speaking, while all that the Principessa had done was to listen and occasionally drop a question. But at the time it all seemed not only perfectly natural, but even unavoidable, and neither then nor later did the idea occur to Annie that she was being put through an exhaustive catechism.

When music was touched upon, the Principessa turned with a pretty imploring gesture towards her guest.

‘It would be so charming of you if you would play one little thing. See that dusty old harmonium in the corner—I have not heard its voice for years. We used to have it in the chapel.’

The girl rose readily, but a ragged wax-cloth cover had first to be removed, and then Annie, to whom the big room with the stone floor gave the sensation of being in a church, tried an *Agnus Dei* of Handel’s, which had been one of the standard ‘pieces’ at Cumberley. Unfortunately two of the most required notes were dumb, and several more were hoarse; but Annie worked bravely on until the final chord, having been taught never to leave a thing half-finished.

‘She’s a musician, isn’t she?’ asked Mr. Brand, thankful that it was over.

‘It is impossible to judge upon this poor instrument,’ replied the Principessa, *sotto voce*. ‘I don’t know yet whether she is a musician, but nevertheless I do know what I wanted to know, and I am well satisfied.’

‘Is it not time to be going back to mother—to mamma, I mean?’ Annie’s voice was heard from the further end of the room.

‘Surely it is still early,’ said the Principessa, quickly, and for a moment she seemed to be reflecting upon what she should do next. Then an idea occurred to her.

‘Oh, Signor Brand,’ and she turned abruptly towards him, ‘I cannot let you go yet. I have a question to ask, a difficulty in which, perhaps, you can help me. Wait, I will ring for Giacomo.’

The truth is, that the little dog that belongs to my son'—it was the first reference that she had made to her son that day—'has got its front paw crushed under the gate. The poor little beast suffers great pain, I fear. I do not know what can be done to relieve it. Perhaps you can inform me?'

'I know nothing about dogs,' grumbled Mr. Brand a little sulkily, but the Principessa had apparently not heard his remark.

When Giacomo had brought a small shivering yellow bundle into the room and deposited it upon a footstool, Annie drew near with somewhat tremulous interest. The mangled paw was swaddled in blood-stained rags, and the whole expression of the delicately furrowed yellow countenance was one of deepest self-commiseration. The piteous eyes were so irresistible, that while the Principessa was consulting with her father as to the mode of treatment Annie knelt down beside the footstool and gently hitched the invalid into her arms, far more successfully than she had managed the *bambino* a few days ago. The Principessa saw her do it, though she gave no sign. While discussing plasters and ointments she had indeed not lost sight of a single movement of the girl. She saw even the tears of pure childish pity that had started to her eyes; she would have counted these tears, if she could, and within herself she gauged their value and drew her conclusions, and once more she felt satisfied. To Mr. Brand, however, the discussion appeared to be unduly prolonged. He had given up attempting to understand what the Principessa was up to. Not all his awe of his hostess could keep his patience even for one minute longer from snapping. All at once it gave way. Annie heard him push back his chair.

'I'm off,' he remarked in his broad workman's English, which always got several shades broader in moments of irritation, and getting to his feet as he spoke. 'There's been enough of this sort of thing, I fancy. It wasn't in order to doctor this beast's paw, was it, that you sent for me to-day? I have told you that I'm about as good at prescribing for a dog as I should be at dancing a jig with a flea. There—that's enough for to-day. Come along, Annie.'

Mr. Brand looked revengefully towards the Principessa. It was one of those moments in which the sturdy artisan within him felt a sort of savage satisfaction in openly rebelling against that influence which he yet knew quite well that he could not permanently escape.

Annie had likewise risen, but instead of obeying instantly, as

was her habit, she stood immovable, staring across the room at her father as though at an utter stranger. Never before had he appeared to her so big and so clumsy as he did at this moment, sharply contrasted as he stood there with the delicate, high-bred figure in the armchair. A sudden sense of discouragement came over Annie as she realised the chasm that lay between these two and understood that it never could be filled up. When Ellen had spoken of the disadvantage of being better educated than one's parents, there had been truth in her words—a horrible, cruel truth—she knew it even as at the sound of her father's broad vowels, and at the very sight of the manner in which he held his hat the hot blood spread slowly all over her face. The sound of the Principessa's voice recalled her to herself.

'A jig?' repeated the old lady with perfect self-possession; 'I do not think that I am acquainted with that word. It is a sort of dance, I presume, but, strangely enough, I have not met the expression before.'

'Of course not,' said Annie, turning straight towards her hostess and speaking with quick-flying breath and shining eyes. It had suddenly occurred to her that the Principessa might suppose that she was ashamed of her father, and this must never be. 'Of course you have not met this expression before, as well as a great many other expressions which father, or which all of us use. Probably you have never before met such people as we are, for you are a great lady, I suppose, while we are only working-people who have made every penny of our own money, and are not ashamed of having made it either.' She stooped as she spoke, and dropped the wounded Gyps almost a little roughly on to the footstool.

'Upon my soul, Annie, there's no call to be rude,' remarked Mr. Brand in sudden consternation.

The Principessa merely raised one hand.

'Hush!' she said softly. 'Let her speak. Perhaps she has more to say.'

'I have nothing more to say,' went on Annie, doggedly, 'only this, that when a man has begun life as a workman and has struggled up to the top it is not fair to expect that he should speak with exactly the same accent as the people who have been born at the top, or that he should catch all their tricks of manner in half a year. Is he less honest or less reliable because he has got his own manner? If we are not good enough for you, why do you ask us to come and see you?'

Mr. Brand looked anxiously towards the Principessa. If she were to take offence at these wild words, the consequences would be simply incalculable. But the Principessa had evidently no idea of taking offence. She was looking, on the contrary, more pleased and interested than Mr. Brand had ever seen her look, and was gazing expectantly at Annie, as though in hopes of hearing yet more. And Annie would have had more to say, but, meeting this look of kindly interest, she felt suddenly disconcerted. When the Principessa called her to her side Annie went without hesitation, relapsing mechanically into her schoolroom habits, and when, to the girl's astonishment, the old lady drew her head towards her and pressed an impulsive kiss upon her forehead, she submitted without a word.

'I think we two will be good friends,' was all the remark which the Principessa had made, and even as she made it Annie wondered why her voice should sound unsteady. After all, they were but strangers to each other.

'Go now,' she added, still a little tremulously, and gently pushing the girl from her. 'Go to the garden and fetch some carnations for your hair. They will look exquisite there, and Giacomo will show you the way. Go, my child; your father will keep me company meanwhile.'

Annie was glad to go, for she felt hot and foolish, and yet she knew that she could not have acted otherwise than she had done. As she turned thankfully towards the door, steps were heard at the other side.

'It is Giacomo,' said the Principessa, and then more quickly she added, 'Surely it cannot be Luigi?'

She was still saying it when already Luigi had pushed aside the curtain. His appearance was followed by a momentary silence. The Principessa and Mr. Brand looked at each other like a pair of discovered conspirators, while Luigi, finding himself face to face with Annie Brand, started back in astonishment. Annie did not start, but she too felt surprised, having had no idea that the master of the wounded terrier and her musical instructor of the other evening were identical.

The Principessa's composure never left her for long.

'Signor Brand and his daughter have been kind enough to help me in passing the long day without you,' she explained easily and gracefully. 'It has not been an accident, I hope, that brings you back?'

A bridge further down the river had been damaged by last

night's rain, Luigi explained. The communication with Terrente would not be restored until the following day.

'Let us be thankful that it is no worse. I should have thought of the bridges. Luigi, the Signorina Brand is anxious to gather some carnations. Giacomo was to have shown her the way, but since you have arrived at the right time you will do better than Giacomo. I fancy you must have made the Signorina's acquaintance at the Cursalon.'

Luigi did not say whether this was so or not, but silently held back the curtain for Annie to pass out. The Principessa sat listening so long as she could hear their steps. When she turned towards Mr. Brand, there was a happy smile upon her lips.

'Yes, let them go, let them go,' she said gently. 'Let them gather together as many carnations as they can. At last my mind is at ease.'

'And now let's hear the news,' said Mr. Brand with a sigh of relief. 'Surely we've had enough shilly-shallying for one day. I'm just panting for a few plain words. Come, now, what's this thing that has happened?'

'Tell me, Signor Brand,' asked the Principessa, still smiling, 'do you still think that your daughter is a good, quiet girl, and easy to manage? I am not of your opinion. She is good certainly, but she is not nearly so quiet as she looks, and she will by no means be easy to manage.'

'But the thing that has happened?'

'The thing that has happened is very simple—it is only that that which I have been praying for has come to pass. Luigi is no longer master of his affections. He already belongs to your daughter.'

'How do you know it? Has he spoken to you?'

'Not a word,' said the Principessa, still with that radiant smile upon her lips. 'He has not so much as pronounced her name to me. You look disappointed. Can't you understand? To be sure, you are a man; one must make allowances for you. It was exactly of his talking to me that I was afraid; he has talked to me so often before. I have had glowing descriptions of all his five *adoratas* at Bleistadt. The day after his visit to the Cursalon I was trembling lest he should launch into a description of your daughter. What would it have meant? Why, that she was his sixth *adorata*, to be sure; and that would not have suited my plans at all. But he did not do anything of the kind. He talked a great deal, indeed. All day yesterday he was as joyful

as a child—even a butterfly sailing past made him laugh. He embraced me every half-hour without any reason. There were moments when, if I had not known him so well, I might have believed him to be drunk. But of her, the heavens be thanked! never a word. You do not know, perhaps, that true love in a healthy nature always begins by being joyful—unreasonably joyful; the sighs do not come until the stage of self-analysis is reached. It was what I had wished and hoped for, and yet I tell you honestly that I was frightened at the result of my own work. I had not looked for anything quite so quick nor quite so strong. By evening I said to myself: "This must not go further before I have seen the girl. Should she not be the right wife for him, he must never set eyes upon her again. Soon it will be too late to undo my own plans." That is why I sent for you to-day. Now I know all that I wanted to know, and my heart is light again. Let them gather as many carnations as they like!

'And this is all that has happened?' asked Mr. Brand a little blankly.

'It is more than you suppose. You could not guess how much depended upon this hour that has passed. Within these sixty minutes I have sounded every corner of your daughter's nature, and now I know her as though she were my own child. I know that she is honest and that she is brave. I know also that she has no unreasonable vanity, or she never would have consented to play on that crazy old harmonium. By the way she handled the broken notes I know that she is patient, and by the way she held the wounded dog I know that her heart is of gold. I love her for the angry words which she flung into my face. Miss Bellew has indeed accomplished wonders, but—the Heavens be praised for it!—she has not been able to polish away the individuality of her pupil. Luigi is welcome to love her, since I love her already myself. Now that I have seen her I can even forgive her for not being golden-haired. I like a face that can be taken in at a glance. Luigi's mood is comprehensible to me now, for this is the sort of beauty that does its work swiftly. The girl will require more time, partly because she is a girl, and partly because of the northern blood in her veins. It is even better so. For a woman it is always a fault to be over-liberal with her heart. We can afford a little time. There are five weeks yet till the end of August.'

'I thought the Prince had got leave of absence till the middle of September?'

'So he has,' said the Principessa a little hastily, as though she had recollected something. 'But there is no reason why the matter should not be settled before the end of August. Looking ahead, I can see only one danger to our plan, but it need not necessarily arise. In the whole wide world there is only one person whom I dread in this matter—perhaps foolishly, perhaps groundlessly—— By the bye, Signor Brand, did you remember to bring me the list of the new arrivals?'

She almost snatched from Mr. Brand's fingers the slip of paper he held towards her. When, after a minute of earnest perusal, she looked up again, her features had regained their serenity.

'Everything is safe so far,' she observed, slowly tearing the paper to atoms. 'Be certain that you never forget to bring me the list.'

Meanwhile, in the garden outside, Annie had gathered as many carnations as her hands could hold, and, with Luigi by her side, was moving towards the pavilion. He watched her thoughtfully as she sorted her bunch. Altogether, he struck her as being much more silent to-day than he had been two days ago.

'How do you mean that it is not honest not to be entirely what one is?' he abruptly inquired. 'What do you call being entirely what one is?'

'I mean that one ought to try and fill entirely whatever place one has been given in the world, whether it be a high place or a low place.'

When she came to think over the matter later on, Annie could not help wondering how she had been able immediately to understand what it was that Lieutenant Roccatelli was referring to by that unexpected question, but at the moment itself that which he said seemed to her to be the natural continuation of the talk that had been interrupted in the Curhaus gardens.

'Then according to your theory a man who is at heart a Socialist could not honestly wear the uniform of a royal or imperial soldier?'

'A Socialist?' repeated Annie, slightly troubled, much in the same way that her father had been troubled by the same word not long ago.

'Yes. Supposing a man living under an oligarchy to be firmly convinced that this is a mistaken form of government, and that the only hope for mankind at large lies in a Socialistic community, is this man justified in receiving his pay from the hands

of an emperor whom in his heart of hearts he would like to see dethroned? There's a problem for you! I know a man in that position, and I have often put the question to myself, "Is he a mean swindler or not?" What is your opinion?"

'This man you speak of is paid for drilling his soldiers, is he not, and for obeying his superiors?'

'Exactly.'

'And does he do it?'

'To the best of his ability.'

'Then how can he be a swindler? He does the work he is paid for. He is not paid for his thoughts; those belong to himself; and very likely,' she added as an afterthought, 'those thoughts are not really so dangerous to the Emperor as they seem to himself.'

Luigi looked at her in some astonishment without answering, and at that same instant the Principessa was saying to Mr. Brand:

'They will have gathered enough carnations by this time. You had better call your daughter. It is a mistake to make the path too smooth at first.'

CHAPTER XII.

DANIEL SILBERHERZ.

THE warm summer weeks that followed upon Annie's first visit to the Monastero were so like each other in their general outline, that when in after-years she used to look back upon this period of her life very few of the days seemed to possess a physiognomy of their own. It was all very smooth and very pleasant, though as yet it had not occurred to her to call it exciting.

There were, to begin with, the many peaceful hours spent beside her mother in the Curhaus gardens, which were a joy in themselves alone. There were also those other hours, scarcely less peaceful, when she used to sit beside the white-haired Principessa and listen to the tales of a far-away, long-past world; for in these days Annie often stood at the door of the grim, grey palace among the hills. The loneliness of that old woman with the fiery black eyes and the austere lips seemed to call for companionship, and the girl gave it all the more readily as she became aware that the sympathy between them was mutual.

'My heart is not soft,' the Principessa said to Annie one day

'but it has got soft places in it, and I think one of them is meant for you.'

At first there were some things which surprised Annie a good deal.

'Do you never grow tired of doing nothing?' she once asked her new friend.

'I am always doing something,' replied the Principessa serenely. 'I am much busier than you are, child. For thirty years I studied men, twenty more years I spent in trying to find in those books over there all the men I have ever met in the world outside, and now I sit here and think over it all. I shall not be done thinking before I die.'

Very soon Annie began to understand that the Principessa's idle, white hands were an inseparable part of her individuality. Had she been a German she would probably have knitted endless stockings; an Englishwoman might perhaps have put out her eyes over some fine embroidery. Only an Italian could be capable of doing nothing so gracefully.

The quaint sayings that were framed in the Principessa's irregularly picturesque English sounded sometimes as though they were meant for skilfully conveyed instructions. One day, to her surprise, Annie even got something like a scolding. She had walked across the valley early in the afternoon, accompanied by her maid, and by some chance she had forgotten to bring a parasol. The Principessa was quite agitated when Annie came in, flushed and tired.

'Without a parasol, in this sun! *Figlia mia*, do you know what you are doing? You are sinning against Providence! Yes, smile if you like; no doubt you feel so safe now that you think a little sunburn is but a trifle. But wait a little; you will soon learn that it is madness to play games even with the most perfect beauty on earth.'

And then the Principessa began to expound her views on this subject.

'The preservation of beauty is one of woman's highest duties, but also most difficult tasks. There are so many different ways of becoming ugly. There is the way of shrivelling up, the way of expanding, the way of getting too white, the way of getting too red. Many other ways there are, and against all these every woman should be on guard from the very first. If your complexion were but one shade darker than it is, you would have lost half of your charm. Never come out again without a parasol; do you hear?'

'I hear,' said Annie, wondering a little at the Principessa's interest in her looks.

On another occasion the same subject was touched upon.

'It is perhaps fortunate,' the Principessa had remarked abruptly, 'that your hair is not golden, after all. Fair hair brings with it a certain responsibility. It is always expected to go along with meekness, and I have already learnt that you are not always meek. There is something that disturbs one's idea of harmony to see a blonde woman in a rage. It is the brunettes who have got the advantage in this world. The darker your hair is, the worse your temper can be. With black hair you are welcome to be a fury, while with golden hair you are bound to be an angel.'

Now and then Annie would catch the Principessa's eyes fixed upon her with a look of inquiry which she did not know how to explain, and which, as the weeks slipped by, became tinged with something like a faint anxiety. If she thought over the matter at all, she ascribed it to the old woman's desire for companionship, and repeated her visit as soon as possible. Luigi was sometimes present at these visits, but not always, and Annie, though she loved to note the relations between these two, was yet not invariably glad when he disturbed the *tête-à-têtes* to which she had grown so used.

Besides her visits to the Monastero, there were other things to fill up these summer weeks evenly and pleasantly. There were the walks with her father among the vineyards and along the stone-paved country roads, where huge old chestnut trees whose fluffy, green balls hung immovable between luxuriant leaves stretched their arms protectingly over the crumbling stone huts. There were the evenings in the Cursalon which formed her first taste of gaiety, and there were also occasional excursions to the house of the river inspector, for ever since her first acquaintance with the *bambino* Annie had not been able to get rid of a certain interest in its welfare, the result of which was that she was frequently to be seen picking her way along the river bed in the company of her maid, who generally carried a covered basket.

She had made a great many acquaintances by this time, but Lieutenant Roccatelli, besides being the oldest of these acquaintances, appeared to her also to be, on the whole, the most satisfactory, seeing that he never talked nonsense even in a ball-room, while with none of the others did it seem possible to talk seriously about anything. Whenever she attempted a conversation with

one of the ladies, she was generally interrupted with a question as to what she used for her complexion, or what pomade she found best for the hair; while from whatever point she might start with any man, whether old or young, the conclusion invariably led to was a more or less delicately veiled compliment to herself. To Prince Roccatelli alone, though he startled her a good deal by his individuality, life did not seem to be a mere game—of that she felt certain the oftener she saw him. And she saw him very often; for not only did scarcely an evening pass without his being over at the Cursalon, but also she would frequently find him at the river-house, apparently as much interested in the progress of the *bambino* as she was herself.

Among these long, even summer days there were, nevertheless, two or three that stood out sharply from the pleasant monotony of the others.

The first of these fell early in August, and consequently early in her acquaintance with Luigi. On that day she had come to see him in a new aspect.

Once again she was sitting beside the Principessa's chair. It was very hot outside, but behind the thick walls of the Monastero it was as cool as in a church, and also as still—stiller, probably, than it had been at the time when the figures of black-veiled nuns had stolen along the pillared corridors and chanted their orisons behind barred doorways, for, as Annie now knew, the palace had originally been a convent. At first the grated windows and the absence of all ornament had made her think that it must have been a prison.

Luigi, too, was in the room. He had entered unobserved while his mother was answering some question of Annie's.

'My child, I will not deny it. There do come moments when I long to look again into the face of the world outside, when a craving comes over me to feel another roof above my head and to tread upon some grass that does not grow between these walls. But these are only moments of weakness; they pass again. My lot is not harder than that of the holy women who lived and died behind these gratings. Their vow, indeed, had been made for heaven, while mine is of the earth, only a sacrifice to the honour of an earthly name.'

'And what has that earthly name deserved of you in return for this sacrifice?' said Luigi's voice beside his mother's chair.

The Principessa started slightly. 'It is you, Luigi? I had not heard you. When did you come in?'

'If you owed your happiness, or at least your comfort, to this empty name,' went on Luigi with brows somewhat down-drawn, there might be sense in the sacrifice, but this way—— So there *do* come moments, do there, *madre mia*, when you have a craving to escape from your cage? It is not all such perfect delight as you would have me believe? And all for this name! How long, oh! how long will the day still be of coming when all these follies shall be swept from the earth?'

'Longer than you or I, or Miss Brand either, will live to see,' replied the Principessa lightly, and smiling at Annie as she spoke. It was evident to her that Luigi had forgotten that they were not alone, as he was apt to do in moments of emotion. He looked towards Annie now and sat down silently, though it was evident that he had been on the point of saying more. His face still expressed annoyance, and his eyes kept returning to his mother's face with a look of mistrust and inquiry.

The Principessa was on the point of making some indifferent remark when something like a slight scuffle was heard in the library outside.

'Not in there,' Giacomo's voice could be distinguished rapidly protesting; 'the Principessa never receives visitors at this hour—she never receives visitors at any hour. Not in there, *per l' amor del ciel!*'

Luigi, who had scarcely sat down, sprang up again with a flush upon his face, and went quickly towards the library, but in the doorway already he ran against a stranger. He stepped back and measured him haughtily from head to foot. It was a majestic person, with a silky, brown beard very carefully combed, and so much dignity of demeanour that at first sight it would have been quite possible to mistake him for a gentleman. Luigi's instincts, however, were too keen to be deceived.

'Who are you?' he asked shortly. 'And what is your business here?'

'My name is Daniel Silberherz,' replied the stranger, almost as haughtily as the young prince had spoken, 'and my business is with the Principessa Roccatelli.'

'It is the picture-dealer from Florence, Luigi,' said the Principessa, quickly.

'Did you send for him?'

'I did not.'

'Then why are you here?' asked Luigi, as he turned once more towards the Jew. His tone was sharper now, for he had

caught Annie Brand's eyes fixed in undisguised wonder upon Daniel Silberherz, and immediately he had been seized with a sense of shame at the idea of her being present at such a moment. Signor Silberherz could not have chosen a more unfavourable juncture for his appearance. To the former irritation, which had not yet been overcome, this fresh opportunity for breaking out was only too welcome.

'I am here,' replied Signor Silberherz scornfully, 'in order to demand a final answer. Happening to have business at Terrente, I came on here. My time is too precious to be wasted in useless correspondence. Are you willing, or are you not, to accept my offer for the paintings of which you know?' He looked past Luigi at the Principessa as he spoke.

'No, she is not willing,' interrupted Luigi. 'Hush, mother. Not so quick, Signor Silberherz—it is with me that you have to deal, not with my mother. You have heard that she never receives visitors, no, nor business-men either. Go into that other room if you have anything more to say; but it is scarcely necessary. I can tell you now, in my mother's name, that she does not wish to sell the pictures.'

A change ran over Signor Silberherz's impassible features; his dignity seemed to falter a little.

'If it should only be a question of price,' he began, still looking towards the Principessa, as though he had more hope of her than of her son, 'I should not be unwilling——'

'It is not a question of price,' said Luigi, trembling with anxiety to put an end to the scene. By the sound of his own voice he knew that he was beginning to lose his self-control, but it was impossible to stop now. It had indeed flashed through his mind that Daniel Silberherz would probably be the only refuge from the money-lender at Bleistadt, whose bill would now be due in about three weeks, but at the present moment he felt only the desire to be rid of him at any price. It was all he could do to restrain himself from taking the picture-dealer by the shoulders and bundling him bodily out of the room.

'It is not a question of price, only a question of our own goodwill. And now go, since you have had your final answer.'

'And I am not to have the pictures?'

'You have heard so already. Now go.'

A look of malice came into Silberherz's dark eyes. Instead of going immediately, he turned his head slowly from side to side, taking a close scrutiny of the apartment.

'A question of your good-will, you say,' he repeated in a tone that was far more impertinent even than the glance. 'From the look of your residence I should have supposed that it was rather a question of hunger and thirst, of enough wood to burn in the chimney, or enough——'

He broke off abruptly, with something like a cry. Luigi, white with rage and with his fingers clenched, had made two steps towards him. In one instant Daniel Silberherz became another creature. His long back bent suddenly, his shoulders slouched forward, his hands went up, as though to shield his classical features. As he stood there, shrunk apparently to half his size, blinking up at Luigi with the eyes of a whipped dog, even the silky brown beard that was such a triumph of hairdressing seemed to be standing on end. Uncction and dignity had been but a thin shell ready to crumble at a touch—this was the real man.

Annie rose from her chair with a vague feeling of alarm. In his mother's presence she had never seen Luigi otherwise than gentle as a woman. She did not understand this change, and even as she asked herself what it was that was going to happen, she heard the Principessa's voice beside her.

'Luigi!' was all she said, and she said it very quietly, but the one word seemed to Annie to be spoken with a quite peculiar emphasis. It ran through the big room like a warning note.

The scene was changed as though by a stroke of magic. Annie, thinking of this a moment later, could scarcely follow all the details in her memory. Luigi had turned from the picture-dealer, and the next thing she remembered was seeing him kneeling beside his mother's chair, holding her hands, pressing them to his lips one after the other, and murmuring words that were unintelligible to her. She was not quite certain, but she almost thought that his cheeks had been wet. She supposed that she ought not to be looking on, ought not to be there at all, and yet she could not take her eyes from off the strange picture. She saw how, with a long-drawn sigh, he laid his head upon his mother's lap, and then it was that the Principessa looked across at her and smiled a little tremulously. The look brought her back to the actual reality. She made a movement as though to retire, but at the same instant Luigi rose to his feet and walked straight past her out of the room, his features still working with emotion. Daniel Silberherz had in the meantime completely disappeared.

Annie became aware that the Principessa was watching her with an expression of anxiety.

'It is time for me to be going,' she said, shyly.

'Not yet; do not go yet, my child. You must let me explain first. I can see that you are startled by what has taken place, and it is only natural. Come and sit nearer to me, and I will explain.

The Principessa was talking eagerly, and still watching Annie as she spoke.

'But I think I understand quite well; he couldn't help being angry with that impertinent man——'

'It is not the anger I am speaking of—you have probably seen angry people before—but what must have seemed to you strange was to see him throw himself at my feet as he did, and speak to me as he spoke. It is not what you are accustomed to, because it is not what Englishmen do. I understand and appreciate the British prejudice against all outward display of emotion, but we Italians are differently made; we prefer to show what we have got. It may be better or not better, but it is so. An Italian who shows no feeling has probably got none to show. You cannot take the same standard for two nations. Though we show much outwardly, that does not mean that we are empty inside; though we speak words, we do not therefore neglect deeds. I trust that you understand me. It is no straw fire, even though it flash so brightly, but real flames, fed only too often with the heart's own blood. Tell me, do you think you understand?'

'I think I do,' said Annie. And she really was aware of a certain relief in having the matter put before her in this light.

A few days after the scene thus recorded, Annie found Prince Roccatelli at the river inspector's house. The *bambino* having been attended to, Luigi started to accompany Annie back towards the Curhaus, Rankin, the maid, following at a little distance.

'Do you know,' he began, after being silent for some time, 'I have been wanting very much to ask for your advice.'

'My advice?' repeated Annie in astonishment.

'Yes, it is strange; but I feel a certain confidence in your judgment, though you are so young. I am sure you will tell me what you really think.'

'But would not your mother know better?'

'My mother loves me too much; she would not tell me the truth. Love makes people blind, you know.'

'And therefore you think it is better to ask a mere acquaintance—— Yes, I understand.'

'Do you really understand?' said Luigi, with a touch of bitterness. 'That is strange.'

'I have long been wondering,' he began again, after a short pause, 'whether it is right for me to continue to be a soldier. Do you remember how I once told you that I knew a man who was at heart a Socialist and who yet took a soldier's pay? Well, that man is myself. The answer which you gave me then satisfied me for the moment, but the scruples have returned. What I am doing may not be a moral crime, but it is not what is called "living up to one's convictions," as I should wish to do.'

'But what are your convictions?' asked Annie, a little bewildered. 'I don't exactly understand what it is that the Socialists want; they are people, are they not, who think that the world is all wrong and want to set it right again?'

'No, they are not,' answered Luigi with sudden vehemence; 'they do not *think* that the world is wrong, they *see* that it is wrong; the falseness of the whole order of society is staring them in the face, and they have bound themselves to sacrifice their physical strength, their mental powers, their life, if necessary, to finding a solution to that same riddle which has already puzzled such men as Rousseau and Saint-Simon. Sooner or later it *must* be found, for it is the right of existence that we are fighting for—that is the whole name of the riddle—the sacred right which every man brings with him into the world as God's first gift, and which yet one half of the world denies to the other.'

As Annie glanced at him in some astonishment, it occurred to her for the first time that Lieutenant Roccatelli was good-looking. She had often before noticed how the expression of his features and even of his figure was wont to accompany his words when he spoke under the influence of any emotion. At first it had struck her almost unpleasantly, but already she was growing used to it. It was as though his whole person, without any act of his will, were attempting to interpret that which he was saying. When he now spoke of the falseness of society he unconsciously clenched his teeth, at the words 'physical strength' he squared his shoulders without knowing that he was doing it, and with his concluding words he stared straight and sternly in front of him with flashing eyes, almost as though that cruel half of the world which he was accusing stood before him, waiting for its verdict.

As for the words themselves, they seemed to Annie almost incomprehensible.

'I can't quite understand you,' she said, thoughtfully. 'Everything in the world has always seemed to me to be just as it ought to be; or at least,' she corrected herself, as a passing doubt crossed her mind, 'just as it can't help being.'

'So it seems to all those who have got enough to eat and drink. But I know better. I know what those unfortunates suffer whose battle I have resolved to fight, for I have suffered those same things myself. I am betraying no secrets, since you have seen both my mother and myself in our ruined home.'

Annie walked on for a little time in silence. Once she opened her lips as though to make some remark, but she said no word and only coloured deeply.

'You wanted to say something?' asked Luigi, watching her. 'I beg of you to be quite open with me.'

'I only wanted to ask whether you are quite sure that it is really only for the sake of those unfortunates that you want to overturn everything—whether you are not fighting your own battle more than you are aware of. I mean'—and Annie grew a little redder, but continued almost firmly—'I mean that if you were rich, instead of poor, do you not think that things would appear to you differently?'

Luigi bit his lip and kicked a pebble out of the path.

'I hope not,' he said in a cooler tone, which yet betrayed some uneasiness. 'I hope I am not thinking of myself, though no doubt it is hard to be quite impersonal, and besides—but that is not the point,' he interrupted himself a little impatiently. 'I had no intention of giving you a lecture on Socialism. It was your advice that I wanted to ask. Let us grant that Socialism is a fact. The question is this: for a Socialist who has got to work in order to support himself, what sort of work is at once possible and honest in the present state of the world? I have told you my doubts regarding the military career. What else is there? The truth is that I have not yet found my place in the world. I have thought of being a doctor. Doctors there will have to be in every state of society. But there is one great obstacle in the way. No one with my unhappy temper could dare to stand beside a sick-bed. Is not self-control the first indispensable necessity in a doctor's holy mission? Perhaps you think I am exaggerating. You did not know what was happening two days ago in my mother's room when that man became impertinent. I think I might have murdered him if it had not been for her voice at the right moment. It has ever been so with me—I do not mind your knowing the truth. Rage takes away my senses—for a few minutes only, but during those few minutes I do not know what I am doing. It seems like a kind of disease over which I have no control. One day, I feel certain, it will wreck my life.'

He spoke low and despondently, and Annie felt a movement of sincere pity.

'If your mother's voice helped you so much the other day,' she said earnestly, 'that can only be because you love her so much; therefore it is to your mother that you should always go for help.'

'My mother is not always with me,' he sadly replied.

'Then you should have some one else with you whom you love as much as your mother.'

Luigi gave her a startled look, but said nothing.

'You should marry, and have a wife whom you love and who loves you,' Annie had been on the point of saying, but the remark was never made. Afterwards she rather wondered why she had stopped short just at this point. Perhaps it was that startled look which had disconcerted her.

This was not the only question which arose in her mind as she looked back at the past conversation. For instance, had she not been rather hard upon Lieutenant Roccatelli when she taunted him with disapproving of the world for his own sake quite as much as for that of humanity at large? For the first time it struck her that the weapon might have been reversed, and that it was possible, just barely possible, that her own approval of the present arrangements of the world had its root in the fact that they benefited herself.

This had been the second of those days which ever after preserved in her memory a physiognomy of their own. On that day it seemed to her that she had caught a glimpse, even though a very uncertain one, of a new view of life.

CHAPTER XIII.

'CHE COSA È AMOR,—'

AMONG the days which stood out from the agreeable sameness of the others there was yet another one, which towered far higher, or rather, which put an end to the agreeable sameness once and for ever. This day fell in the last week of August.

The second half of the month had as yet not been very different from the first. Quite lately it had struck Annie, indeed, that her father's temper was becoming daily more uncertain, and the anxiety which she fancied she could read in the eyes of her friend

the Principessa seemed to be growing in degree, although it still remained without an explanation.

But what occupied her mind most were the disputes about the state of the world in general which had now become a standing arrangement between Lieutenant Roccatelli and herself. Her ideas of the word 'Socialist,' which hitherto had dimly represented to her a blood-stained individual with a firebrand in one hand and a dripping dagger in the other, had come to be considerably modified. By degrees she had even begun to recognise that, under all these cloudy dreams, there yet lay buried a kernel of truth. Against the unpractical nature of the dreams her common sense rebelled, while yet her instinct told her that the dreamer himself was sincere, and that if he deceived any one it was himself. Some of the things he said took an obstinate hold of her memory. Thus one day he asserted that poverty had been invented by men and not by God.

'The world itself proves it,' he said, 'since it produces food enough for all its inhabitants—enough fruit to be gathered, enough beasts to be killed. God has given enough, but man has divided it unfairly.'

Annie reflected, and the deduction pleased her as being perfectly logical. She had always had a liking for sound logic, as the prizes earned at school could testify. She reflected further yet, and the comfortable satisfaction about things in general in which she had hitherto indulged began to give way to a keener sympathy with those less lucky than herself. The selfishness of well-fed and well-cared-for youth is an innocent instinct which has nothing in common with the hard egoism of experience. It did not lie in Miss Bellew's plan of education to awaken whatever possibilities of compassion might lie locked away within her pupils' souls. Her experience had taught her that parents are not invariably pleased when their daughters come home with their heads brimful of extravagantly philanthropical ideas. Of course Annie had known that there were hungry people in the world, but hitherto she had simply accepted them as facts, something that was as unavoidable as rain in summer or ice in winter. It was Luigi who first opened her eyes in this matter.

Although neither he nor she knew it, yet these two natures seemed to have been created in order to complete each other. Her healthy common sense and his exaggeratedly idealistic tendencies corrected each other mutually. They had begun by being startled by each other, as was indeed unavoidable, and it was the man who had got over the surprise much more quickly

than the woman; not only because in this case it was the man's nature that was the more adaptive of the two, but also because he had loved from the first. The deliberate answers which had begun by making him impatient very soon appeared to him to be refreshing and restful. He had come to understand that they went together with the honest brown eyes; that they were a bit of herself; that it could not be otherwise, and that neither did he wish it otherwise.

Now and then he even admitted her arguments. It was at her advice that he abandoned one of his plans for the amelioration of the world. Though he was barely twenty-three, yet in the lumber-room of his mind there already lay stored a whole heap of these broken-up plans, which had in turn been hotly taken up, eagerly examined, and then regretfully dropped, having been found wanting. Sometimes he would come to her with a panacea for all ills, invented over-night. This time it had been the outline sketch of a model community to be founded somewhere on the other side of the ocean—he was not particular about the locality—and to be conducted under his personal supervision. He did not mean to begin with more than five hundred members—subjects, he had almost said.

'Then,' he argued, 'there would at least be five hundred happy people in the world.'

'No one can know that,' said Annie; 'but what I do know for certain is that there would be one unhappy person. Do you not see that with these wild undertakings you would be breaking your mother's heart, and the heart of any one else who loved you?'

'No one loves me but my mother,' he said, with sudden despondency.

'But why look so far away, so far ahead? I fancy there must be ways of making the people close to one happy.'

'Yes; but for that one needs money. With money one could begin bettering the world, even without a revolution; but without money what else can one do but scream until one gets a hearing? Tell me, how would you begin to make people happy if you had a great deal of money?'

Annie stared at him, half suspecting a joke, but in the same instant she remembered that of course Prince Roccattelli was as ignorant of her father's enormous wealth as any other of the visitors at Lancigno, and she began to explain a little hurriedly how she thought that money would be best employed.

Not long after this talk had come that day which to Annie remained ever memorable. It was not much that had happened, as far as outward events were concerned.

Annie was once more practising her songs, as she had regularly continued to do. Again it was a little before the dinner-bell, and again Lieutenant Roccatelli had come in while she was singing, just as he had done upon that first day. Mrs. Brand sat in the background, perfectly passive, as was her habit.

'These are only exercises,' Annie was saying, 'but I have been practising that song lately which you took such trouble to explain to me, quite at the beginning of our acquaintance—don't you remember? Here it is. I will sing it now, and please be so kind as to tell me if it is better this way.'

She began the air from the 'Nozze di Figaro,' singing with far more confidence than formerly, for she felt certain that she had greatly improved. When she came to the passage, 'Non trovo pace notte ne dì, e pur mi piace languir così,' she could scarcely refrain from smiling to herself in anticipation of his approval. But when the last chord was struck no word of approval came. Annie looked up, surprised and somewhat hurt, and met Lieutenant Roccatelli's eyes fixed upon her face with a wild, devouring glance which she had never before seen. He was leaning forward with his folded arms upon the piano, and his face was a shade paler than usual.

She looked away in sudden bewilderment, and began turning over the pages of her music.

'Was it right this time?' she asked, feeling aware that something had to be said.

'Yes, it was right,' answered Luigi, speaking like a person whose thoughts are far away.

'Were there any mistakes?'

'There were no mistakes—— Yes, it is exactly so.'

He did not stay long after that, and Annie was glad that he went. She felt a great wish to be alone. The dinner-bell had not yet rung—of that also she was glad. Outside in the garden she sat down upon the first bench she came to, and now only she became aware that she was trembling. She remembered now that this trembling had begun at the very moment when she met Lieutenant Roccatelli's eyes. Several minutes passed, but the beating of her heart was not yet stilled. 'What can it mean?' she still asked herself; but already she had guessed one half of the truth. Even to her inexperience that look in those eyes

could only mean one thing. He loved her, then—a man actually loved her to this extent. She had supposed, indeed, that some man would love her some day; but she had never looked upon this as an immediate contingency. There could be no hurry about that, surely, since she had scarcely yet become used to looking upon herself as fully grown up.

And now the accomplished thing had surprised her without any preparation. This man loved her—now that she came to think of it, she even considered it probable that he had loved her for some time past. Perhaps he even had hopes; and if so, it could not be right to go on meeting him as she had met him hitherto—it must surely be unfair towards him—unless, indeed—unless——

And here the nervous trembling which had nearly laid itself began again anew. Her most pressing desire just now was for perfect clearness. At school she had been taught always to know exactly why she acted in any particular way, with what object she followed any particular course. ‘Your thoughts should be kept as tidy as your drawers,’ had been one of Miss Bellew’s favourite sayings. They were very far from being as tidy to-day, Annie recognised with confusion.

Would it be right to go on meeting Prince Roccattelli? She put the question to herself and waited deliberately for an answer, but instead of any answer there only came an unexpected sense of disappointment at the idea of not seeing him again. That need not mean anything more than habit, to be sure. It had become so much a matter of course to meet Lieutenant Roccattelli everywhere, that it had never before occurred to her to wonder what the Cursalon, or the stone pavilion in the Monastero garden, or Lancegno itself, or indeed the whole world, would be like without him.

These nervous sensations were extremely annoying. How was it possible to think logically or consecutively, or to disentangle cause and effect, when her heart was beating in her ears and her breath coming so ridiculously short? There was something else too in her surroundings which disturbed her vaguely, without her being able at once to trace the disturbance to its source. At last it flashed upon her that it was some scent in the air, and she noticed that she was sitting close to a large bed of mignonette. Mignonette was the flower which she never could quite separate from the memory of her last months at Cumberland. Those early, undefined emotions, those shapeless yearnings which had been so apt to stir under the influence of summer evenings or moonlit

nights, had always seemed to be penetrated with this particular scent. At this moment it all came back to her with a rush of remembrance that was almost irresistible. Was she beginning to understand at last? Could that have been the desire, and was this the accomplishment, or was it only that the overpowering sweetness of the perfume was going to her head?

It was no use. One thing only was quite clear—viz. that nothing was clear. It was certain, at any rate, that she must meet Lieutenant Roccatelli once more, in order to put her own feelings to the test. Very likely it was only the novelty of the whole thing which disturbed her so greatly; by the next meeting she would have had time to collect herself, and would no doubt be able to dissect her own sensations to her own satisfaction. If necessary, it should be a final meeting.

And as she came to this conclusion the dinner-bell began to clang out its summons.

Mr. Brand did not appear at the *table d'hôte* that evening. A note which the ragged goat-herd had brought him late in the afternoon had summoned him to the Monastero. At the moment that Annie and her mother were taking their places at table he was still sitting opposite to the Principessa, and quite forgetful of his dinner.

Her beautiful face was not so perfectly calm as usual, and her hands played uneasily with her fan.

'It is not that I have any anxiety for the result,' she explained, 'but only that that result is so long in coming. Everything goes smoothly, but it goes at a snail's pace. I do not think the girl can escape in the end, but she is much longer in catching fire than I had calculated. *Santa Madonna!*' she exclaimed with a sudden delightful petulance, 'how slow you English are in everything!'

'Well, my plan would have been quicker,' said Mr. Brand with a certain grim satisfaction. 'We haven't got much more than a fortnight now, you know, until the 15th of September.'

The Principessa did not answer immediately. It was not of the 15th of September that she was thinking just now, but of the 31st of August, and this was the 24th.

'Something must be done,' she said after a long pause. 'It would be too great a risk to run matters so close. That is why I sent for you to-day. Nature has shown herself too slow; it is an artificial touch that is now required. There might be various plans, but I have decided for an excursion in the mountains. It

is an ancient device, but it rarely fails, what with the opportunities it creates and the effect on the imagination. I have also settled upon the spot. The excursion will have to be made to the Castello.'

'What is that?' asked Mr. Brand, a trifle sulkily.

'It is the ruins of what used to be the original seat of the Roccатели family. I once showed your daughter a drawing I had made of it. It stands some distance from here, deeper in the mountains. It is a favourite spot for excursions. Nothing can appear more natural than your visiting it, more particularly in this perfect weather.'

'There will be a lot of bad walking, I suppose. If it's only a question of eating one's food out of doors, can't we go to some place that's closer at hand?'

'No, you cannot.' The Principessa was now holding her head at a particular angle which Mr. Brand knew, and which somehow always made him feel small. 'I have not chosen the Castello at random. I know quite well what I expect of it; it is something more than the mere effect of the scenery—something quite definite and distinct. For me it solves a difficulty which I have long been puzzling over. I will explain. Lately I have told myself that one of the reasons why the sweet Annetta is so slow in catching fire may well lie therein, that hitherto she has seen of Luigi nothing more than what one sees of a man in a drawing-room. He has never done before her eyes anything that any weakling might not have done. Now, it lies deep in the law of human nature that physical qualities will always bear an incalculable weight in female eyes. I do not know if you follow me. My wish is to place Luigi before your daughter in a light in which she hitherto has not thought of him. The matter is really very simple. On the tower of the ruined Castello there grows some wonderful rose-coloured moss: this particular sort is not to be found far and wide in the mountains. Tradition says that some Roccатели brought the seed from Palestine in the time of the Crusades. The Crusades are responsible for a good many foolish stories, you know. Be this as it may, the moss grows in great tufts upon the top of the tower. It requires a very steady head as well as foot in order to reach it. Even by the shepherds the climbing of that tower is considered a feat. Very well; Luigi shall gather that moss for Annetta—that is my whole plan. It is not much, you will say, but possibly it may be enough. No doubt it would be better still if he could save a child from drown-

ing before her eyes, or catch a runaway horse, as they do in the story-books, but we cannot afford such luxuries as that—we have to be content with the moss. Luigi has often been on that tower before. Of course, for any person who happens not to be giddy it is really no feat at all—just about as heroic as it would be for a cat to go out walking on a roof; not a question of valour at all, but only of the proportion of iron and phosphorus in the blood; but girls always remain girls. I believe it will throw quite a quantity of dust in her eyes. Not only will she tremble for his safety—which in itself is an excellent move—but also it will be the exact antidote to the shock she experienced when she saw him kneel at my feet like a child. I hope that it may bring about the crisis. The excursion must not be later than the day after to-morrow. You have to-morrow for making your arrangements and inviting your party, for of course there must be other people there to give a *contenance* to the whole thing—not too many; perhaps eight or ten altogether. Luigi shall order the mules and the guides. I will send him over to-morrow.'

When Mr. Brand was gone, the Principessa got up and walked to the window. Her anxious eyes scanned all she could see of the sunset sky. She was asking herself whether the weather would hold for two days more. That would be till Wednesday—and Sunday was the 31st. It was very close. Could Luigi have forgotten? He had not spoken of the subject for two weeks now. Ah, well; no doubt he was too happy in the present to remember that there was a future. But for her it would not do to forget.

(To be continued.)

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.¹

LECTURE VII.

I RECOLLECT being told when a boy, on sending in a bad translation of Horace, that I ought to remember that Horace was a man of intelligence and did not write nonsense. The same caution should be borne in mind by students of history. They see certain things done by kings and statesmen which they believe they can interpret by assuming such persons to have been knaves or idiots. Once an explanation given from the baser side of human nature they assume that it is necessarily the right one, and they make their Horace into a fool without a misgiving that the folly may lie elsewhere. Remarkable men and women have usually had some rational motive for their conduct, which may be discovered, if we look for it with our eyes open.

Nobody has suffered more from bad translators than Elizabeth. The circumstances of Queen Elizabeth's birth, the traditions of her father, the interests of England, and the sentiments of the party who had sustained her claim to the succession obliged her on coming to the throne to renew the separation from the Papacy. The Church of England was re-established on an Anglo-Catholic basis, which the rival factions might interpret each in its own way. To allow more than one form of public worship would have led in the heated temper of men's minds to quarrels and civil wars. But conscience might be left free under outward conformity, and those whom the Liturgy did not suit might use their own ritual in their private houses. Elizabeth and her wise advisers

¹ Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Term, 1894, in continuation of those given in 1893.

believed that if her subjects could be kept from fighting and killing one another, and were not exasperated by outward displays of difference, they would learn that righteousness of life was more important than orthodoxy, and to estimate at their real value the rival dogmas of theology. Had time permitted the experiment to have a fair trial, it would perhaps have succeeded, but, unhappily for the Queen and for England, the fire of controversy was still too hot under the ashes. Protestants and Catholics had been taught to look on one another as enemies of God, and were still reluctant to take each other's hands at the bidding of an Act of Parliament. The more moderate of the Catholic laity saw no difference so great between the English service and the Mass as to force them to desert the churches where their fathers had worshipped for centuries. They petitioned the Council of Trent for permission to use the English Prayer Book; and had the Council consented religious dissension would have dissolved, at last, into an innocent difference of opinion. But the Council and the Pope had determined that there should be no compromise with heresy, and the request was refused, though it was backed by Philip's ambassador in London. The action of the Papacy obliged the Queen to leave the administration in the hands of Protestants, on whose loyalty she could rely. As the struggle with the Reformation spread and deepened she was compelled to assist indirectly the Protestant party in France and Scotland. But she still adhered to her own principle; she refused to put herself at the head of a Protestant League. She took no step without keeping open a line of retreat on a contrary policy. She had Catholics in her Privy Council who were pensioners of Spain. She filled her household with Catholics, and many a time drove Burghley distracted by listening to them at critical moments. Her constant effort was to disarm the antagonism of the adherents of the old belief by admitting them to her confidence and showing them that one part of her subjects was as dear to her as another.

For ten years she went on struggling. For ten years she was proudly able to say that during all that time no Catholic had suffered for his belief either in purse or person. The advanced section of the Catholic clergy was in despair. They saw the consciences of their flocks benumbed and their faith growing lukewarm. They stirred up the rebellion of the North. They persuaded Pius V. to force them to a sense of their duties by declaring Elizabeth excommunicated. They sent their missionaries through the English counties to recover sheep that were straying and teach the sin of

submission to a sovereign whom the Pope had deposed. Then had followed the Ridolfi plot, deliberately encouraged by the Pope and Spain, which had compelled the Government to tighten the reins. One conspiracy had followed another. Any means were held legitimate to rid the world of an enemy of God. The Queen's character was murdered by the foulest slanders, and a hundred daggers were sharpened to murder her person. The King of Spain had not advised the excommunication, because he knew that he would be expected to execute it, and he had other things to do. When called on to act he and Alva said that if the English Catholics wanted Spanish help they must do something for themselves. To do the priests justice, they were brave enough. What they did, and how far they had succeeded in making the country disaffected, Father Parsons has told you in the paper which I read to you in the first of these lectures. Elizabeth refused to take care of herself. She would show no distrust. She would not dismiss the Catholic ladies and gentlemen from the household. She would allow no penal laws to be enforced against Catholics as such. Repeated conspiracies to assassinate her were detected and exposed, but she would take no warning. She would have no bodyguard. The utmost that she would do was to allow the Jesuits and seminary priests, who by Parsons's own acknowledgment were sowing rebellion, to be banished the realm, and if they persisted in remaining afterwards to be treated as traitors. When executions are treated as martyrdoms candidates will never be wanting for the crown of glory, and the flame only burnt the hotter. Tyburn and the quartering knife was a horrid business, and Elizabeth sickened over it. She hated the severity which she was compelled to exercise. Her name was defiled with the grossest calumnies. She knew that she might be murdered any day. For herself she was proudly indifferent; but her death would and must be followed by a furious civil war. She told the Privy Council one day after some stormy scene that she would come back afterwards and amuse herself with seeing the Queen of Scots making their heads fly.

Philip was weary of it too. He had enough to do in ruling his own dominions without quarrelling for ever with his sister-in-law. He had seen that she had subjects, few or many, who if he struck would strike back again. English money and English volunteers were keeping alive the war in the Netherlands. English privateers had plundered his gold ships, destroyed his commerce, and burnt his West Indian cities—all this in the

interests of the Pope, who gave him fine words in plenty, but when called on for money to help in the English conquest only flung about his dinner plates. The Duke of Alva, while he was alive, and the Prince of Parma, who commanded in the Netherlands in Alva's place, advised peace if peace could be had on reasonable terms. If Elizabeth would consent to withdraw her help from the Netherlands, and would allow the English Catholics the tacit toleration with which her reign had begun, they were of opinion, and Philip was of opinion too, that it would be better to forgive Drake and San Domingo, abandon Mary Stuart and the seminary priests, and meddle no more with English internal politics.

Tired with a condition which was neither war nor peace, tired with hanging traitors and the endless problem of her sister of Scotland, Elizabeth saw no reason for refusing offers which would leave her in peace for the rest of her own life. Philip, it was said, would restore the Mass in the churches in Holland. She might stipulate for such liberty of conscience to the Holland Protestants as she was herself willing to allow the English Catholics. She saw no reason why she should insist on a liberty of public worship which she had herself forbidden at home. Well, she did not see why the Hollanders should be so precise about hearing mass. She said she would rather hear a thousand masses herself than have on her conscience the crimes committed for the mass or against it. She would not have her realm in perpetual torment for Mr. Cecil's brothers in Christ.

This was Elizabeth's personal feeling. It could not be openly avowed. The States might then surrender to Philip in despair, and obtain better securities for their political liberties than she was ready to ask for them. They might then join the Spaniards and become her mortal enemies. But she had a high opinion of her own statecraft. Her Catholic friends assured her that once at peace with Philip she would be safe from all the world. At this moment accident revealed suddenly another chasm which was opening unsuspected at her feet.

Both Philip and she were really wishing for peace. A treaty of peace between the Catholic King and an excommunicated princess would end the dream of a Catholic revolution in England. If the English peers and gentry saw the censures of the Church set aside so lightly by the most orthodox prince in Europe, Parsons and his friends would preach in vain to them the obligation of rebellion. If this deadly negotiation was to be broken off,

a blow must be struck, and struck at once. There was not a moment to be lost.

The enchanted prisoner at Tutbury was the sleeping and waking dream of Catholic chivalry. The brave knight who would slay the dragon, deliver Mary Stuart, and place her on the usurper's throne, would outdo Orlando or St. George, and be sung of for ever as the noblest hero who had ever wielded brand or spear. Many a young British heart had thrilled with hope that for him the enterprise was reserved. One of these was a certain Anthony Babington, a gentleman of some fortune in Derbyshire. A seminary priest named Ballard, excited, like the rest, by the need of action, and anxious to prevent the peace, fell in with this Babington, and thought he had found the man for his work. Elizabeth dead and Mary Stuart free, there would be no more talk of peace. A plot was easily formed. Half a dozen gentlemen, five of them belonging to or connected with Elizabeth's own household, were to shoot or stab her and escape in the confusion; Babington was to make a dash on Mary Stuart's prison house and carry her off to some safe place; while Ballard undertook to raise the Catholic peers and have her proclaimed queen. Elizabeth once removed, it was supposed that they would not hesitate. Parma would bring over the Spanish army from Dunkirk. The Protestants would be paralysed. All would be begun and ended in a few weeks or even days. The Catholic religion would be re-established and the hated heresy would be trampled out for ever. Mary Stuart had been consulted and had enthusiastically agreed.

This interesting lady had been lately profuse in her protestations of a desire for reconciliation with her dearest sister. Elizabeth had almost believed her sincere, sick of the endless trouble with Mary Stuart and her pretensions and schemings. She had intended that the Scotch Queen should be included in the treaty with Philip, with an implied recognition of her right to succeed to the English throne after Elizabeth's death. It had been necessary, however, to ascertain in some way whether her protestations were sincere. A secret watch had been kept over her correspondence, and Babington's letters and her own answers had fallen into Walsingham's hands. There it all was in her own cipher, the key to which had been betrayed by the carelessness of a confederate. The six gentlemen who were to have rewarded Elizabeth's confidence by killing her were easily recognised. They were seized with Babington and Ballard, when

they imagined themselves on the eve of their triumph. Babington flinched and confessed, and they were all hanged. Mary Stuart herself had outworn compassion. Twice already on the discovery of her earlier plots the House of Commons had petitioned for her execution. For this last piece of treachery she was tried at Fotheringay before a commission of peers and Privy Councillors. She denied her letters, but her complicity was proved beyond a doubt. Parliament was called, and a third time insisted that the long drama should now be ended and loyal England be allowed to breathe in peace. Elizabeth signed the warrant. France, Spain, any other Power in the world would have long since made an end of a competitor so desperate and so incurable. Torn by many feelings—natural pity, dread of the world's opinion—Elizabeth paused before ordering the warrant to be executed. If nothing had been at stake but her own life, she would have left the lady to weave fresh plots and at last, perhaps, to succeed. If the nation's safety required an end to be made with her, she felt it hard that the duty should be thrown on herself. Where were all those eager champions who had signed the Association Bond, who had talked so loudly? Could none of them be found to recollect their oaths and take the law into their own hands?

Her Council, Burghley, and the rest, knowing her disposition and feeling that it was life or death to English liberty, took the responsibility on themselves. They sent the warrant down to Fotheringay at their own risk, leaving their mistress to deny, if she pleased, that she had meant it to be executed, and the wild career of Mary Stuart ended on the scaffold.

They knew what they were immediately doing. They knew that if treason had a meaning Mary Stuart had brought her fate upon herself. They did not, perhaps, realise the full effects that were to follow, or that with Mary Stuart had vanished the last serious danger of a Catholic insurrection in England; or perhaps they did realise it, and this was what decided them to act.

I cannot dwell on this here. As long as there was a Catholic princess of English blood to succeed to the throne, the allegiance of the Catholics to Elizabeth had been easily shaken. If she was spared now, every one of them would look on her as their future sovereign. To overthrow Elizabeth might mean the loss of national independence. The Queen of Scots gone, they were paralysed by divided counsels, and love of country proved stronger than their creed.

What concerns us specially at present is the effect on the King of Spain. The reluctance of Philip to undertake the English enterprise (the '*empresa*,' as it was generally called) had risen from a fear that when it was accomplished he would lose the fruit of his labours. He could never assure himself that if he placed Mary Stuart on the throne she would not become eventually French. He now learnt that she had bequeathed to himself her claims on the English succession. He had once been titular King of England. He had pretensions of his own, as in the descent from Edward III. The Jesuits, the Catholic enthusiasts throughout Europe, assured him that if he would now take up the cause in earnest he might make England a province of Spain. There were still difficulties. He might hope that the English Catholic laity would accept him, but he could not be sure of it. He could not be sure that he would have the support of the Pope. He continued, as the Conde de Feria said scornfully of him, '*meando en vado*,' a phrase which I cannot translate; it meant hesitating when he ought to act. But he saw, or thought he saw, that he could now take a stronger attitude towards Elizabeth as a claimant to her throne. If the treaty of peace was to go forward, he could raise his terms. He could insist on the restoration of the Catholic religion in England. The States of the Low Countries had made over five of their strongest towns to Elizabeth as the price of her assistance. He could insist on her restoring them, not to the States, but to himself. Could she be brought to consent to such an act of perfidy, Parma and he both felt that the power would then be gone from her as effectually as Samson's when his locks were clipped by the harlot, and they could leave her then, if it suited them, on a throne which would have become a pillory—for the finger of scorn to point at.

With such a view before him it was more than ever necessary for Philip to hurry forward the preparations which he had already commenced. The more formidable he could make himself the better able he would be to frighten Elizabeth into submission.

Every dockyard in Spain was set to work, building galleons and collecting stores. Santa Cruz would command. Philip was himself more resolved than ever to accompany the expedition in person and dictate from the English Channel the conditions of the pacification of Europe.

Secresy was no longer attempted—indeed, was no longer possible. All Latin Christendom was palpitating with expecta-

tion. At Lisbon, at Cadiz, at Barcelona, at Naples, the shipwrights were busy night and day. The sea was covered with vessels freighted with arms and provisions streaming to the mouth of the Tagus. Catholic volunteers from all nations flocked into the Peninsula to take a share in the mighty movement which was to decide the fate of the world, and bishops, priests, and monks were set praying through the whole Latin Communion that Heaven would protect its own cause.

Meantime the negotiations for peace continued, and Elizabeth, strange to say, persisted in listening. She would not see what was plain to all the world besides. The execution of the Queen of Scots lay on her spirit and threw her back into the obstinate humour which had made Walsingham so often despair of her safety. For two months after that scene at Fotheringay she had refused to see Burghley, and would consult no one but Sir James Crofts and her Spanish-tempered ladies. She knew that Spain now intended that she should betray the towns in the Low Countries, yet she was blind to the infamy which it would bring upon her. She left her troops there without their wages to shiver into mutiny. She named commissioners; with Sir James Crofts at their head, to go to Ostend and treat with Parma, and if she had not resolved on an act of treachery she at least played with the temptation and persuaded herself that if she chose to make over the towns to Philip she would be only restoring them to their lawful owner.

Burghley and Walsingham, you can see from their letters, believed now that Elizabeth had ruined herself at last. Happily her moods were variable as the weather. She was forced to see the condition to which she had reduced her affairs in the Low Countries by the appearance of a number of starving wretches who had deserted from the garrisons there and had come across to clamour for their pay at her own palace gates. If she had no troops in the field but a mutinous and starving rabble, she might get no terms at all. It might be well to show Philip that on one element at least she could still be dangerous. She had lost nothing by the bold actions of Drake and the privateers. With half a heart she allowed Drake to fit them out again, take the *Buonaventura*, a ship of her own, to carry his flag, and go down to the coast of Spain and see what was going on. He was not to do too much. She sent a vice-admiral with him in the *Lion*, to be a check on over-audacity. Drake knew how to deal with embarrassing vice-admirals. His own adventurers would sail, if

he ordered, to the Mountains of the Moon, and be quite certain that it was the right place to go to. Once under way and on the blue water he would go his own course and run his own risks. Cadiz harbour was thronged with transports, provision ships, powder vessels—a hundred sail of them—many of a thousand tons and over, loading with stores for the Armada. There were thirty sail of adventurers, the smartest ships afloat on the ocean, and sailed by the smartest seamen that ever handled rope or tiller. Something might be done at Cadiz if he did not say too much about it. The leave had been given to him to go, but he knew by experience, and Burghley again warned him, that it might, and probably would, be revoked if he waited too long. The moment was his own and he used it. He was but just in time. Before his sails were under the horizon a courier galloped into Plymouth with orders that under no condition was he to enter port or haven of the King of Spain, or injure Spanish subjects. What else was he going out for? He had guessed how it would be. Comedy or earnest he could not tell. If earnest some such order would be sent after him, and he had not an instant to lose.

He sailed on the morning of the 12th of April. Off Ushant he fell in with a north-west gale, and he flew on, spreading every stitch of canvas which his spars would bear. In five days he was at Cape St. Vincent. On the 18th he had the white houses of Cadiz right in front of him, and could see for himself the forests of masts from the ships and transports with which the harbour was choked. Here was a chance for a piece of service if there was courage for the venture. He signalled for his officers to come on board the *Buonaventura*. There before their eyes was, if not the Armada itself, the materials which were to fit the Armada for the seas. Did they dare to go in with him and destroy them? There were batteries at the harbour mouth, but Drake's mariners had faced Spanish batteries at San Domingo and Carthagena and had not found them very formidable. Go in? Of course they would. Where Drake would lead the corsairs of Plymouth were never afraid to follow. The vice-admiral pleaded danger to her Majesty's ships. It was not the business of an English fleet to be particular about danger. Straight in they went with a fair wind and a flood tide, ran past the batteries and under a storm of shot, to which they did not trouble themselves to wait to reply. The poor vice-admiral followed reluctantly in the *Lion*. A single shot hit the *Lion*, and he edged away out of range, anchored, and drifted to sea again with the ebb. But Drake and all the rest

dashed on, sank the guardship—a large galleon—and sent flying a fleet of galleys which ventured too near them and were never seen again.

Further resistance there was none—absolutely none. The crews of the store ships escaped in their boats to land. The governor of Cadiz, the same Duke of Medina Sidonia who the next year was to gain a disastrous immortality, fled like a tall gentleman to raise troops and prevent Drake from landing. Drake had no intention of landing. At his extreme leisure he took possession of the Spanish shipping, searched every vessel, and carried off everything that he could use. He detained as prisoners the few men that he found on board, and then, after doing his work deliberately and completely, he set the hulls on fire, cut the cables, and left them to drive on the rising tide under the walls of the town—a confused mass of blazing ruin. On the 12th of April he had sailed from Plymouth; on the 19th he entered Cadiz harbour; on the 1st of May he passed out again without the loss of a boat or a man. He said in jest that he had singed the King of Spain's beard for him. In sober prose he had done the King of Spain an amount of damage which a million ducats and a year's labour would imperfectly replace. The daring rapidity of the enterprise astonished Spain, and astonished Europe, more than the storm of the West Indian towns. The English had long teeth, as Santa Cruz had told Philip's council, and the teeth would need drawing before mass would be heard again at Westminster. The Spaniards were a gallant race, and a dashing exploit, though at their own expense, could be admired by the countrymen of Cervantes. 'So praised,' we read, 'was Drake for his valour among them that they said if he was not a Lutheran there would not be the like of him in the world.' A Court lady was invited by the King to join a party on a lake near Madrid. The lady replied that she dared not trust herself on the water with his Majesty lest Sir Francis Drake should have her.

Drake might well be praised. But Drake would have been the first to divide the honour with the comrades who were his arm and hand. Great admirals and generals do not win their battles single-handed like the heroes of romance. Orders avail only when there are men to execute them. Not a captain, not an officer who served under Drake ever flinched or blundered. Never was such a school for seamen as that twenty years' privateering war between the servants of the Pope and the West Country Protestant adventurers. Those too must be remembered who

built and rigged the ships in which they sailed and fought their battles. We may depend upon it that there was no dishonesty in contractors, no scamping of the work in the yards where the Plymouth rovers were fitted out for sea. Their hearts were in it; they were soldiers of a common cause.

Three weeks had sufficed for Cadiz. No order for recall had yet arrived. Drake had other plans before him, and the men were in high spirits and ready for anything. A fleet of Spanish men-of-war was expected round from the Mediterranean. He proposed to stay for a week or two in the neighbourhood of the Straits, in the hope of falling in with them. He wanted fresh water too, and had to find it somewhere.

Before leaving Cadiz roads he had to decide what to do with his prisoners. Many English were known to be in the hands of the Holy Office working in irons as galley slaves. He sent in a pinnace to propose an exchange, and had to wait some days for an answer. At length, after a reference to Lisbon, the Spanish authorities replied that they had no English prisoners. If this was true those they had must have died of barbarous usage; and after a consultation with his officers Sir Francis sent in word that for the future such prisoners as they might take would be sold to the Moors, and the money applied to the redemption of English captives in other parts of the world.

Water was the next point. There were springs at Faro, with a Spanish force stationed there to guard them. Force or no force, water was to be had. The boats were sent on shore. The boats' crews stormed the forts and filled the casks. The vice-admiral again lifted up his voice. The Queen had ordered that there was to be no landing on Spanish soil. At Cadiz the order had been observed. There had been no need to land. Here at Faro there had been direct defiance of her Majesty's command. He became so loud in his clamours that Drake found it necessary to lock him up in his own cabin, and at length to send him home with his ship to complain. For himself, as the expected fleet from the Straits did not appear, and as he had shaken off his troublesome second in command, he proceeded leisurely up the coast, intending to look in at Lisbon and see for himself how things were going on there. All along as he went he fell in with traders loaded with supplies for the use of the Armada. All these he destroyed as he advanced, and at length found himself under the purple hills of Cintra and looking up into the Tagus. There lay gathered together the strength of the fighting naval force of Spain—fifty

great galleons already arrived, the largest war ships which then floated on the ocean. Santa Cruz, the best officer in the Spanish navy, was himself in the town and in command. To venture a repetition of the Cadiz exploit in the face of such odds seemed too desperate even for Drake, but it was one of those occasions when the genius of a great commander sees more than ordinary eyes. He calculated, and, as was proved afterwards, calculated rightly, that the galleons would be half manned, or not manned at all, and crowded with landsmen bringing on board the stores. Their sides as they lay would be choked with hulks and lighters. They would be unable to get their anchors up, set their canvas, or stir from their moorings. Daring as Drake was known to be, no one would expect him to go with so small a force into the enemy's stronghold, and there would be no preparations to meet him. He could count upon the tides. The winds at that season of the year were fresh and steady, and could be counted on also to take him in or out; there was sea room in the river for such vessels as the adventurers' to manœuvre and to retreat if over-matched. Rash as such an enterprise might seem to an unprofessional eye, Drake certainly thought of it, perhaps had meant to try it in some form or other and so make an end of the Spanish invasion of England. He could not venture without asking first for his mistress's permission. He knew her nature. He knew that his services at Cadiz would outweigh his disregard of her orders, and that so far he had nothing to fear, but he knew also that she was still hankering after peace, and that without her leave he must do nothing to make peace impossible. There is a letter from him to the Queen, written when he was lying off Lisbon, very characteristic of the time and the man.

Nelson or Lord St. Vincent did not talk much of expecting supernatural assistance. If they had we should suspect them of using language conventionally which they would have done better to leave alone. Sir Francis Drake, like his other great contemporaries, believed that he was engaged in a holy cause, and was not afraid or ashamed to say so. His object was to protest against a recall in the flow of victory. The Spaniards, he said, were but mortal men. They were enemies of the Truth, upholders of Dagon's image, which had fallen in other days before the ark, and would fall again if boldly defied. So long as he had ships that would float, and there was food on board them for the men to eat, he entreated her to let him stay and strike whenever a chance was offered him. The continuing to the end yielded

the true glory. When men were serving religion and their country, a merciful God, it was likely, would give them victory, and Satan and his angels should not prevail.

All in good time. Another year and Drake would have the chance he wanted. For the moment Satan had prevailed—Satan in the shape of Elizabeth's Catholic advisers. Her answer came. It was warm and generous. She did not, could not, blame him for what he had done so far, but she desired him to provoke the King of Spain no further. The negotiations for peace had opened and must not be interfered with.

This prohibition from the Queen prevented, perhaps, what would have been the most remarkable exploit in English naval history. As matters stood it would have been perfectly possible for Drake to have gone into the Tagus, and if he could not have burnt the galleons he could certainly have come away unhurt. He had guessed their condition with entire correctness. The ships were there, but the ships' companies were not on board them. Santa Cruz himself admitted that if Drake had gone in he could have himself done nothing '*por falta de gente*' (for want of men). And Drake undoubtedly would have gone, and would have done something with which all the world would have rung, but for the positive command of his mistress. He lingered in the roads at Cintra, hoping that Santa Cruz would come out and meet him. All Spain was clamouring at Santa Cruz's inaction. Philip wrote to stir the old admiral to energy. He must not allow himself to be defied by a squadron of insolent rovers. He must chase them off the coast or destroy them. Santa Cruz needed no stirring. Santa Cruz, the hero of a hundred fights, was chafing at his own impotence; but he was obliged to tell his master that if he wished to have service out of his galleons he must provide crews to handle them, and they must rot at their anchors till he did. He told him, moreover, that it was time for him to exert himself in earnest. If he waited much longer, England would have grown too strong for him to deal with.

In strict obedience Drake ought now to have gone home, but the campaign had brought so far more glory than prize money. His comrades required some consolation for the disappointment at Lisbon. The theory of these armaments of adventurers was that the cost should be paid somehow by the enemy, and he could be assured that if he brought back a prize or two in which she could claim a share the Queen would not call him to a very strict account. Homeward-bound galleons or merchantmen were to be

met with occasionally at the Azores. On leaving Lisbon Drake headed away to St. Michael's, and his lucky star was still in the ascendant.

As if sent on purpose for him, the *San Philip*, a magnificent caraque from the Indies, fell straight into his hands, 'so richly loaded,' it was said, that every man in the fleet counted his fortune made. There was no need to wait for more. It was but two months since Drake had sailed from Plymouth. He could now go home after a cruise of which the history of his own or any other country had never presented the like. He had struck the King of Spain in his own stronghold. He had disabled the intended Armada for one season at least. He had picked up a prize by the way, and as if by accident, worth half a million, to pay his expenses, so that he had cost nothing to his mistress, and had brought back a handsome present for her. I doubt if such a naval estimate was ever presented to an English House of Commons. Above all he had taught the self-confident Spaniard to be afraid of him, and he carried back his poor comrades in such a glow of triumph that they would have fought Satan and all his angels with Drake at their head.

Our West Country annals still tell how the country people streamed down in their best clothes to see the great *San Philip* towed into Dartmouth Harbour. English Protestantism was no bad cable for the nation to ride by in those stormy times, and deserves to be honourably remembered in a School of History at an English University.

J. A. FROUDE.

'Halfway between the Stiles.'

(A RIGHT-OF-WAY INCIDENT.)

BY the road, Scarby village is good three miles from Colletwood, the nearest town and railway station. But there is a short cut over the hills for foot passengers. *Over* the hills they call it, but *between* the hills would be more correct, for there is a sort of tableland once you have climbed a short, steep bit up from the town, which extends nearly to Scarby, sloping down to the village gradually.

And on each side of this tableland the hills rise again, north and south, higher to the north than to the south. So this flat stretch, though at some considerable height, is neither bleak nor exposed, being sheltered on the colder side, and fairly open to the sunshine south and west.

It is a pleasant place, and so it must have been considered in the old days; for a large monastery stood there once, of which the ruins are still to be seen, and of which the memory is still preserved in the name—'Monksholdings.'

Pleasant, but a trifle inconvenient, as the only carriage-road makes a great round from Colletwood, winding along the base of the hill on the north side till it reaches the village, then up again by the gradual slope, half a mile or so—a drive in all of three to four miles, whereas, as the bird flies or the pedestrian walks, the distance from the town is barely a quarter of that.

In the old days there was probably no road at all, the hill-path doubtless serving all requirements. Naturally enough, therefore, it came to be looked upon as entirely public property, and people forgot—if, indeed, any one had ever thought of it—that though the monastery was a ruin, the once carefully kept land round about the old dwelling-place of Monksholdings was still private property.

And the sensation was great when suddenly the news reached the neighbourhood that this 'unique estate,' as the agents called

it, was sold—sold by the old Duke of Scarshire, who scarcely remembered that he owned it, to a man who meant to live on it, to build a house which should be a home for several months of the year for himself and his family.

There was considerable growling and grumbling; and this rose to its height when a rumour got about that the hill-path—such part of it, that is to say, as lay within the actual demesne—was to be closed—*must* be closed, if the site already chosen for the new house was to be retained; for the house would actually stand upon the old foot-track, and there could be no two opinions that the site had been well and wisely selected.

Things grew warlike, boding no agreeable reception for the new-comers—a Mr. Raynald and his family, newcomers to England, it was said, as well as to Scarshire. Every one plunged into questions of right of way; the local legalities raised and discussed knotty points; Colletwood and Scarby were aflame. But it all ended, flatly enough, in a compromise!

Mr. Raynald turned out to be one of the most reasonable and courteous of men. He came, saw, and—conquered. The goodwill of his future neighbours was won ere he knew he had risked its loss. Henceforward congratulations, reciprocated and repeated, on the charming additions to Scarby society were the order of the day, and the *détour*, skirting the south boundary of the Monksholdings grounds, which the footpath was now inveigled into making, was voted 'a great improvement.'

And in due time the mansion rose.

'A great improvement' also to the aspect of the surrounding landscape. It was in perfectly good taste—unpretentious and quietly picturesque. It might have been there always for any jarring protest to the contrary.

And just halfway along the old foot-track, that is to say, between the two stiles which let the traveller to or from Scarby in or out of the Monksholdings demesne, stood Sybil Raynald's grand piano!

The stiles remained as an interesting survival, but they were made use of by no one not bound for the house itself. And beside each was a gate—a good oaken gate, that suited the place, as did everything about it; and beside each gate a quaint miniature dwelling, one of which came to be known as the east, and the other as the west, Monksholdings lodge.

The first time the Raynalds came down to their new home they made but a short stay there. It was already late in the season, and though the preceding summer had been a magnificent

one for drying fresh walls and plaster, it would scarcely have done to risk damp or chilly weather in so recently built a house.

They stayed long enough to confirm the favourable impression the head of the family had already made, and to lead themselves to look forward with pleasure to a less curtailed stay in Scarshire.

The last morning of their visit, Sybil, the eldest daughter, up and about betimes, turned to her father, when she had taken her place beside him at the breakfast-table, with a suspicion of annoyance on her usually cheerful face.

'Papa,' she said, 'I have seen that old man *again*, leaning on the stile by the Scarby lodge and looking in—along the drive—*so* queerly. I don't quite like it. It gave me rather a ghostly feeling; or else he is out of his mind.'

Her brother, Mark by name, began to laugh, after the manner of brothers.

'How very oddly you express yourself!' he said. 'I should like to experience "a ghostly feeling." A ghost is just what this place wants to make it perfect. But it should be the spirit of one of the original monks.'

Mr. Raynald turned to his son rather sharply.

'I don't want any nonsense of that kind set about, Mark,' he said. 'It would frighten the younger children when they come down here. I will ask about the old man. It is quite possible he is half-witted, or something of that kind. I forgot about it when Sybil mentioned it before. But no doubt he is perfectly harmless. Has no one seen him but you, Sybil?'

The girl shook her head.

'None of *us*,' she replied. 'And I wasn't exactly frightened. There was something very pathetic about him. He looked at me closely, murmuring some words, and then shook his head. That was all.'

But just then her father was called away to give some last directions, and in the bustle of hurry to catch their trains, the matter passed from the minds of the younger as well as the elder members of the family.

It returned to Sybil's memory, however, when she found herself in their London house again, and called upon by her younger sisters to relate every detail of Monksholdings and its neighbourhood. But, mindful of her father's warning, she said nothing to Esther or Annis of the figure at the gate. It was only to Miss March—Ellinor March—the dearly loved governess, who was more friend than teacher to her three pupils, that she spoke

of it, late in the evening, when the younger ones had gone to bed, and her father and mother were busy with Indian letters in Mr. Raynald's study.

The two girls, we may say—for Ellinor was still some years under thirty—were alone in the drawing room. Ellinor had been playing something tender and faintly weird—it died away under her fingers, and she sat on at the piano in silence.

Sybil spoke suddenly.

'That is so melancholy,' she said, 'something so long ago about it, like the ghost of a sorrow rather than a sorrow itself. I know—I know what it makes me think of. Listen, Ellinor.'

For out of school hours the two threw formality aside, and Sybil told of the sad, wistful old face looking over the stile.

'Now it has come back to me,' she said; 'I can't forget it.'

Ellinor, too, was impressed.

'Yes,' she said, 'it sounds very pitiful. Who knows what tragedy is bound up in it?' and she sighed.

Sybil understood her. Miss March's history was a strange one.

'We must find out about it when we go down to Monksholdings next year,' she said.

'And perhaps,' added Ellinor, 'even if he is half-witted, we might do something to comfort the poor man.'

Sybil hesitated.

'Then you don't think he can be a ghost?' she said, looking half ashamed of the suggestion.

Miss March smiled—her smile was sad.

'In one sense, no, I should think it highly improbable; in another, yes, there must be the ghost of some great sorrow about the face you describe,' she said.

So there was.

This is the story.

At the further end of Scarby village—the further end, that is to say, from Monksholdings and the path between the hills—the road drops again somewhat suddenly. Only for a short distance, however; Mayling Farm—'Giles's' as it is colloquially called—which is the first house you come to when you reach level ground again, being by no means low-lying.

On the contrary, the west windows command a grand view of the great Scarshire plain beneath, bordered by the faint hazy blue, scarcely to be distinguished from clouds, of the long range of hills concealing the far-off glimmer of the ocean, which otherwise might sometimes be perceptible.

Mayling is a very old place, and the Gileses have been there 'always,' so to speak—steady-going, unambitious, save as regards their farming and its success; they have been just the make of men to settle on to their ground as if it and they could have no existence apart. A fine race physically as well as morally, though some twenty-five years or so before the Raynalds bought Monks-holdings a run of ill luck, a whole chapter of casualties, had brought them down to but one representative, and he scarcely the typical Farmer Giles of Mayling.

This was Barnett, the youngest of four stalwart sons—the youngest and the only survivor. He was already forty when his father died, earnestly commending to him the 'old place,' which even at eighty the aged farmer felt himself better fitted to manage than the somewhat delicate, sensitive man whom his brothers had made good-natured fun of in his youth as a 'bookworm.'

But Barnett was intelligent and sensible, and he rose to the occasion. Circumstances helped him. The year after old Giles's death Barnett for the first time fell in love, wisely and well. His affection was bestowed on a worthy object—Marion Grover, the daughter of a yeoman in the next county—and was fully returned.

Marion was years younger than her lover, fifteen at least, eminently practical, healthy, and pretty. She brought her husband just exactly what he was most in need of—brightness, energy, and youth. It was an ideal marriage, and everything prospered at Mayling. Four years after the advent of the new Mrs. Giles, you would scarcely have recognised the farmer, he seemed another man.

He adored his wife, and could hardly find it in his heart to regret that their child was not a son, even though, failing an heir, the old name must die out; for if there was one creature the husband and wife loved more than each other it was their baby girl.

A month or two after this child's second birthday the singular catastrophe occurred which changed the world to poor Barnett Giles, leaving him but a wreck of his former self, physically and mentally.

Young Mrs. Giles was strong in every way, and from the first she took the line of saving her husband all extra fatigue or annoyance which she could possibly hoist on to her own brave shoulders. There was something quaint and even pathetic in the relations of the couple. For notwithstanding Marion's being

so much Barnett's junior, her attitude towards him had a decided suggestion of the maternal about it, though at times of real emergency his sound judgment and advice never failed her. It was within a week or two of Christmas; the weather was biting, raspingly cold. And though as yet no snow had fallen, the weatherwise were predicting it daily.

'I must go over to Colletwood this week,' said Mrs. Giles, 'and I must take Nelly. Her new coat is waiting to be tried at the dressmaker's, and I must get her some boots and several other things before Christmas. And there is a whole list of other shopping too—all our Christmas presents to see to.'

Her husband was looking out of the window—it was still very early in the day.

'I doubt if the snow will hold off much longer,' he said.

'And once it begins it may be heavy,' his wife replied, 'and then I might not be able to go for ever so long, even by the road'—for a deep fall of snow at Scarby was practically a stoppage to all traffic. 'I'll tell you what, Barnett, we'll go to-day and make sure of it. I will put other things aside and start before noon. A couple of hours, or three at the most, will do everything, and then Nelly and I will be back again long before dark. You'll come to meet us, won't you?'

The farmer hesitated.

'Of course I will—if you go. But,' and again he glanced at the sky. The morning was, so far, clear and bright, though very cold, but over towards the north there was a suspicious look about the blue-grey clouds. 'I don't know,' he said, 'but that you'd better wait till to-morrow and see if it blows off again.'

But Marion shook her head.

'I've a feeling,' she said, 'that if I don't go to-day I won't go at all. And I really must. I'll take Betsy to carry the child till we're just above the town, and then send her home, so as not to be tired for coming back. Not that I'm *ever* tired, as you know,' with a smile.

He gave in, only stipulating that at all costs they should start to return by a certain hour, unless the snow should have already begun, in which case Marion was to run no risks, but either to hire a fly to bring her home by the road, or to stay in the town with some of her friends till the weather cleared again.

'And I'll meet you,' he added. 'Let us set our watches together—I'll start from here so as to be at—let me see—'

'Halfway between the stiles,' said Marion. 'We can each see the other from one stile to the opposite one, you know, even though it's a good bit of a way. Yes, dear, I'll time it as near as I can to meet halfway between the stiles.'

And with these words, the last on her lips, she set off, a picture of health and happiness—little Nelly crowing back to 'Dada' from over stout Betsy's shoulder.

Betsy was home again within the hour.

But the mother and child—alas and alas! It was the immortal story of 'Lucy Gray' in an almost more pathetic shape.

Farmer Giles, as I have said, was a studious, often absent-minded man. There was not much to do at that season and in such weather, and what there was, some amount of supervision on his part was enough for. After his early dinner he got out his books for an hour or two's quiet reading till it should be time to set off to meet his darlings. No fear of his forgetting *that* time, but till the clock struck, and he saw it was approaching, he never looked out—he was unconscious of the rapid growth of the lurid, steely clouds; he had no idea that the snow flakes were already falling, falling, more and more closely and thickly with each instant that passed.

Then rose the storm spirit and issued his orders—al too quickly obeyed. Before Barnett Giles had left the village street he found himself in what nowadays would be called a 'blizzard.' And his pale face grew paler, and his heart beat as if to choke him, when at last he reached the first stile and stood there panting to regain his breath. It was all he could do to battle on through the fury of the wind, the blinding, whirling snow, which seemed to envelope him as if in sheets. Not for many and many a day will that awful snowstorm be forgotten in Scarshire.

It was at the appointed trysting-place they found him—'half-way between the stiles.' But not till late that evening, when Betsy, more alarmed by his absence than by her mistress's not returning, at last struggled out through the deep-lying snow to alarm the nearest neighbours.

'The missis and Miss Nell will have stayed the night in the town,' she said. 'But I misdoubt me if the master will ever have got so far, though he may have been tempted on when he did not meet them.'

By this time the fury of the storm had spent itself, and they found poor Giles after a not very protracted search, and brought him home—dead they thought at first.

No, he was not dead, but it was less than half *life* that he returned to. For his first inquiry late the next day, when glimmering consciousness had begun to revive—'Marion, the baby?'—seemed by some subtle instinct to answer itself truthfully in spite of the kindly endeavour to deceive him for the time.

'Dead!' he murmured. 'I knew it. Halfway between the stiles,' and he turned his face to the wall.

They almost wished he had died too—the rough but kind-hearted countryfolk who were his neighbours. But he lived. He never asked and never knew the details of the tragedy, which, indeed, were never fully known by any one.

All that came to light was that the dead body of Marion Giles was brought by some semi-gipsy wanderers to the workhouse of a town several miles south of Colletwood, early on the morning after the blizzard. They had found it, they said, at some little distance from the road along which they were journeying, so that she must have lost her way long before approaching the Monksholdings confines, not improbably, indeed, in attempting to retrace her steps to the town which she had so imprudently quitted. But of the child the tramps said nothing, and after making the above deposition they were allowed to go on their way, which they expressed themselves as anxious to do—for reasons of their own, no doubt, possibly the same reasons which had prevented their returning to Colletwood with the young woman's corpse, as would have seemed more natural.

And afterwards no very special inquiry was made about the baby. The father was incapable of it, and in those days people accepted things more carelessly, perhaps. It was taken for granted that 'Little Nell' had fallen down some cliff, no doubt, and lay buried there, with the snow for her shroud, like a strayed lambkin. Her tiny bones might yet be found, years hence maybe, by a shepherd in search of some bleating wanderer, or—no more might ever be known of the infant's fate!

Barnett Giles rose from his bed, after many weeks, with all the look of a very old man. At first it was thought that his mind was quite gone; but it did not prove to be so. After a time, with the help of an excellent foreman, or bailiff, he showed himself able to manage his farm with a strange, mechanical kind of intelligence. It seemed as if the sense of duty outlived the loss of other perceptions, though these, too, cleared by degrees to a considerable extent, and material things, curious as it may appear, prospered with him.

But he rarely spoke unless obliged to do so; and whenever he felt himself at leisure, and knew that his work was not calling for him, he seemed to relapse into the half-dreamy state which was his more real life. Then he would pass through the village and slowly climb the slope to the stile, where he would stand for hours together, patiently gazing before him, while he murmured the old refrain, "Halfway between the stiles," she said. I shall meet them there, "halfway between the stiles."

Fortunately, perhaps, it was not often he attempted to climb over; he contented himself with standing and gazing. Fortunately so, for otherwise the changes at Monksholdings would have probably terribly shocked his abnormally sensitive brain. But he did not seem to notice them, nor the new route of the old right of way agreed to by the compromise. He was content with his post—standing, leaning on the stile, and gazing before him.

His, of course, was the worn, wistful face which had half frightened, half appealed to Sybil Raynald.

But she forgot about it again, or other things put it temporarily aside, so that, when the Raynalds came down to Monksholdings again the following Easter, it did not at once occur to her to remind her father of the inquiry he had promised to make.

Miss March was not with her pupils and their parents at first. She had gone to spend a holiday week with the friends who had brought her up and seen to her education—good, benevolent people, if not specially sympathetic, but to whom she felt herself bound by ties of sincerest gratitude, though her five years with the Raynald family had given her more of the feeling of a 'home' than she had ever had before.

And her arrival at Monksholdings was the occasion of much rejoicing. There was everything to show her, and every one, from Mark down to little Robin, wanted to be her guide. It was not till the morning of the next day that Sybil managed to get her to herself for a *tête-à-tête* stroll.

Ellinor had some things to tell her quondam pupil. Mrs. Bellairs, her self-appointed guardian, was growing old and somewhat feeble.

'I fear she is not likely to live many years,' said Miss March, 'and she thinks so herself. She has a curious longing, which I never saw in her before, to find out my history—to know if there is no one really belonging to me to whom she can give me back, as it were, before she dies. She gave me the little parcel containing the clothes I had on when she rescued me from being

sent to a workhouse. They are carefully washed and mended, for I was a poor dirty little object when I was found, and they do not look really as if I had been a beggar child,' with a little smile.

'You a beggar child!' exclaimed Sybil indignantly. 'Of course not. Perhaps, on the contrary, you were somebody very grand.'

'No, no,' said Ellinor, sensibly. 'In that case I should have been advertised for and inquired after. No, I have never thought that, and I should not wish it. I should be more than thankful to know I came of good, honest people, however simple—to have some one of my very own.'

'I forget the actual details,' said Sybil, 'though you have often told me about it. You were found—no, not actually in the workhouse, was it?'

'They were going to take me there,' said Miss March. 'It was at a village near Bath where Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs were then living, and one day, after a party of gipsies had been encamping on the common, a cottager's wife heard something crying in the night, and found me in her little garden. She was too poor to keep me herself, and felt certain I was a child the gipsies had stolen and then wanted to get rid of. I was fair-haired and blue-eyed, not like them. She was a friend or relation of some of Mrs. Bellairs's servants, and so the story got round to my kind old friend. And you know the rest—how they first thought of bringing me up in quite a humble way, and then, finding me—well, intelligent and naturally rather refined, I suppose, I got a really good education, and my good luck did not desert me, dear, when I came to be your governess.'

Sybil smiled.

'And can you remember *nothing*?'

Ellinor hesitated.

'Queer, dreamy fragments come back to me sometimes,' she said. 'I have a feeling of having seen hills long, long ago. It is strange,' she went on, for by this time they had left the private grounds and were strolling along the hill-path in the direction of the town—'it is strange that since I came here I seem to have got hold of a tiny bit of these old memories, if they are such. It must be the hills,' and she stood still and gazed round her with a deep breath of satisfaction. 'I could only have been between two and three when I was found,' she went on. 'The only words I said were "Dada" and "Nennie"—it sounded like "Nelly." That was why Mrs. Bellairs called me "Ellinor," and "March," because it was in that month she took me to her house.'

Sybil walked on in silence for a moment or two.

'It *is* such a romantic story,' she said at last. 'I am never tired of thinking about it.'

They entered Monksholdings again from the east entrance. Ellinor glanced at the stile.

'By the bye,' she said, 'this is one of the two old stiles, I suppose. Have you ever seen your ghost again, Sybil? Have you found out anything about him?'

Sybil looked round her half nervously.

'It is the other stile he haunts,' she said. 'I rather avoid it—at least, I mean to do so now. It is curious you speak of it, for till yesterday I had not seen him again, and had almost forgotten about it. But yesterday afternoon, just before you came, there he was—exactly the same, staring in. I meant to speak to papa about it, but with the pleasure and bustle of your arrival I forgot it. Remind me about it. I am afraid he is out of his mind.'

'Poor old man!' said Ellinor. 'I wish we could do something to comfort him. I feel as if everybody *must* be happy here. It is such a charming, exhilarating place. Dear me, how windy it is! The path is all strewn with the white petals of the cherry blossom.'

'They have degenerated into wild cherry trees,' said Sybil. 'Long ago papa says these must have been good fruit trees of many kinds, and this is a great cherry country, you know.'

The wind dropped that afternoon, but only temporarily. It rose again so much during the night that by the next morning the grounds looked, to use little Annis's expression, 'quite untidy.'

'And down in the village, or just beyond it,' said Mark, who had been for an early stroll, 'at one place it really looks as if it had been snowing. The road skirts that old farmhouse; you know it, father? I forget the name—there's a grand cherry orchard there.'

'“Mayling Farm,” you must mean,' said Mr. Raynald. 'Farmer Giles's. Oh, by the way, that reminds me, Sybil,' but a glance round the table made him stop short. They were at breakfast. He scarcely felt inclined to relate the tragic story before the younger children; 'they might look frightened or run away if they came across the poor fellow,' he reflected. 'I will tell Sybil about it afterwards.'

Easter holidays were not yet over, though the governess had returned, so regular routine was set aside, and the whole of the young party, Ellinor included, spent that morning in a regular scramble among the hills,

The children seemed untirable, and set off again somewhere or other in the afternoon. Sybil was busy with her mother, writing letters and orders to be despatched to London, so that towards four o'clock or so, when Miss March, having finished her own correspondence, entered the drawing-room, she found it deserted.

Sybil had promised to practise some duets with her, and while waiting on the chance of her coming, Ellinor seated herself at the piano and began to play—nothing very important—just snatches of old airs which she wove into a kind of half-dreamy harmony, one melting into another as they occurred to her.

All at once a shadow fell on the keys, and then she remembered having heard the door softly open a moment or two before—so softly, that she had not looked round, imagining it to be the wind, which, though fallen now, still lingered about.

Now her ideas took another shape.

'It is Sybil, no doubt,' she thought with a smile. 'She is going to make me jump,' and she waited, half expecting to feel Sybil's hands suddenly clasped over her eyes from behind.

But this was not to be the mode of attack, apparently, though she heard what sounded like stealthy footsteps.

'You need not try to startle me, Sybbie,' she exclaimed laughingly, without turning or ceasing to play; 'I hear you.'

It was no laughing voice which replied.

On the contrary, a sigh, almost a groan, close to her made her look up sharply—a trifle indignant perhaps at the joke being carried so far—and she saw, a pace or two from her only, the figure of an old man—a white-haired, somewhat bent form, a worn face with wistful blue eyes—gazing at her.

She had scarcely time to feel frightened, for almost instantaneously Sybil's 'ghost' recurred to her memory.

'He has found his way in, then,' she thought, not without a slight and natural tremor, which, however, disappeared as she gazed, so pathetically gentle was the whole aspect of the intruder.

But—his face changed curiously—the sight of hers, now fully in his view, seemed strangely to affect him. With a gesture of utter bewilderment he raised his hand to his forehead as if to brush something away—the cloud still resting on his brain—then a smile broke over the old face, a wonderful smile.

'Marion,' he said, 'at last? I—I thought I was dreaming. I heard you playing in my dream. It is the right place though, "Halfway between the stiles," you said. I have waited so long

and come so often, and now it is snowing again. Just a little, dear, nothing to hurt. Marion, my darling, why don't you speak? Is it all a dream—this fine room, the music and all? Are *you* a dream?'

He closed his eyes as if he were fainting. Inexpressibly touched, all Ellinor's womanly nature went out to him. She started forward, half leading, half lifting him to a seat close at hand.

'I—I am not Marion,' she said, and afterwards she wondered what had inspired the words, 'but I am'—not 'Ellinor,' something made her change the name as she spoke—'I am Nelly.'

He opened his eyes again.

'Little Nell,' he said, 'has she sent you down to me from heaven? My little Nell!'

And then he fell back unconscious—this time he had fainted.

She thought he was dead, but it was not so—her cries for help soon brought her friends, Mr. Raynald first of all. He did not seem startled, he soothed Ellinor at once.

'It is poor old Giles,' he said. 'I know all about him; he has found his way in at last.'

'But—but——,' stammered the girl, 'there is something else, Mr. Raynald. I—I seem to remember something.'

She looked nearly as white as their poor visitor, and as Mr. Raynald glanced at her, a curious expression flitted across his own face.

Could it be so? He knew all her story.

'Wait a little, my dear,' he said. 'We must attend to poor Giles first.'

They were very kind and tender to the old man, but he seemed to be barely conscious, even after restoratives had brought him out of the actual fainting fit. Then Mrs. Raynald proposed that his servants—his housekeeper if he had one—should be sent for.

And when faithful Betsy, stout as of old, though less nimble, made her appearance, her irrepressible emotion at the sight of Ellinor, pale and trembling though the young governess was, gave form and substance to Mr. Raynald's suspicions.

Yes, they had met at last—father and daughter—'halfway between the stiles.' He was 'Dada,' she was 'Little Nell.' Might it not be that Marion's prayers had brought them together?

Every reasonable proof was forthcoming—the little parcel of clothes, the correspondence in the dates, the strong resemblance to her mother.

And—joy does not often kill. Barnett was able to understand it all better than might have been expected. He was never *quite* himself, but infinitely better both in mind and body than poor old Betsy had ever dreamt of seeing him. And he was perfectly content—content to live as long as it should please God to spare him to his little Nell; ready to go to his Marion when the time should come.

And Ellinor had her wish—a home, though not a 'grand' one; some one of her 'very own' to care for; a father's devoted love, and, to complete her happiness, the friends who had grown so dear to her close at hand.

More may yet be hers in the future, for she is still young. Her father may live to see his grandchildren playing about the farmstead at Mayling, so that, though the name be changed, the old stock will still flourish where so many generations of their ancestors have sown and reaped.

LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

The Dream of the Psychometer.

TO my brow I press the agate stone,
 But mine eyes I veil:
 The visions rise on my soul alone
 That reveal its tale;
 I see the years like a mist unfold,
 I look far into the days of old.

.

In the light that knows no earthly bars,
 And no bond of time,
 I look out upon a night of stars
 In a far-off clime;
 And I hear a river flowing by,
 I see a citadel dark and high.

The world's asleep in the dim, dim light—
 Does it slumber all?
 Nay, yonder tarries an armèd knight,
 'Neath the city wall;
 And I behold, though the hour be late,
 One stealing forth from the postern gate.

How faintly shimmers her falling hair
 In the starlight's ray!
 No time for greeting they have to spare,
 It were death to stay.
 A perilous bridal must she know
 Who plights her faith to her country's foe.

Oh, haste away through the shadows! Hark!

There's a swift alarm;

And the arrows hurtle through the dark.

Bear them hence from harm,

Thou gallant steed! Like the very wind,

They have left the city far behind.

'Love, is it with tears my hand is wet,

From thine eyes that fall?

Now pain and parting and strife forget,

And let love be all,

For swiftly we ride, and none pursue.'

'But swifter than we their arrows flew.

'Alas! we are not alone, my love!

On the wide, dim heath,

There's one rides with us we recked not of,

And his name is Death.

We swept Life's barriers all away—

Whom they cannot part, the gods will slay.

'I gladly had shared thy wine and bread,

When Love filled the cup.

Woe's me, who must drink to Death instead,

And with Death must sup.

Oh, woe is me, for the way unknown

That I must travel, and leave thee lone!'

With a sudden rein he checks his steed,

And he answers, 'Nay,

And wouldest thou fare alone indeed

On so dark a way?

But come Death swiftly or tardily,

I have a passport to follow thee.'

He has laid her down upon the ground.

'Was thy hurt so sore?

But my sword's point holds as sharp a wound

As thine arrow bore.

See, love, for I prove it on my heart;

So I follow, and we shall not part.'

THE DREAM OF THE PSYCHOMETER.

There is silence in the moorland wide,
 And the wide heaven through;
 And silent they lie, and side by side,
 Like to lovers true.
 And slowly, slowly, o'er moor and stream,
 Of dawn the darkness begins to dream.

.

Again the stone to my brow I press:
 There's a temple old,
 And within are giant images,
 Wonders manifold
 Of pictured legend, and carving fair,
 And the altar glows with jewels rare.

The priests are singing a low, strange chant,
 Passing to and fro,
 And the ear its measure seems to haunt
 From the long ago.
 And the burden of the chant they sing
 I understand: 'Thou art Lord and King.

'Thou art sea and air, Thou art earth and sky,
 Thou art days and years.
 Thou dost build Thy house from eternity
 Of the changing spheres.
 Thou art pain and bliss, Thou art peace and strife,
 Thou art Love and Hate, Thou art Death and Life.

'Thine eternity Thou wouldest mask
 In our fleeting breath.
 Thou dost set Thyself the ceaseless task
 To reconquer Death.
 In man's despair is Thy glory dim,
 Yet Thou for ever art one with him.'

.

I see a glorious sunset sky
 Over marsh and mere,
 By the wind unstirred the waters lie
 Still, and yet clear;

And tall white flowers on their margin spring ;
Such flowers one would fain be gathering.

Oh, mark where the tall green rushes lean
O'er yon silent pool !
There lies a bracelet of wondrous sheen
In their shelter cool ;
Its jewels glimmer, with gold enwrought,
Like a rainbow gleam by the rushes caught.

Far, far away, in the splendour dyed
Of the setting sun,
Methinks I can see a warrior ride,
As his strife were done ;
An instant there shone his flashing crest,
Now nought I see but the golden west.

.
In the light that whelms this world of ours
In a fadeless day,
I see a palace with lofty towers
That the sea survey ;
And within a sound of revelling,
There laughter echoes and minstrels sing.

Oh, what sounds over the lute and lyre,
And the glad refrain ?
Oh, do ye not hear the tempest, higher
Than the minstrels' strain ?
And wan she turneth, the prince's bride,
At the thunder of yon fateful tide.

They turn, they fly, in a frenzied throng,
With pale looks of dread—
But the prince's heart awakes like song
Where all song was dead ;
'Mid garlands scattered, and lights grown dim,
Through the solitude one comes to him.

' How soon is ended the festival,
And the guests disperse !
Alone are we in the banquet hall,
Two lost revellers ;

THE DREAM OF THE PSYCHOMETER.

I scarce can hear if thy voice be kind
For the thunder of the sea and wind.

'We have dreed our weird for love's own sake
The long years through;
Oh, now let the heart have leave to break,
That was wholly true!
Thou wert my monarch, thou wert my friend—
And thine I am to the very end!'

Now his arm is round her strong and fast,
He has clasped her warm;
From a casement rent by the raging blast
They behold the storm;
On wall and rampart, on tower and keep,
Like unchained leopards the breakers leap.

Like a reed the strong tower bends and sways
To its very death,
Around the turrets the lightning plays
In a shifting wreath;
By yon fierce splendour that shook the skies
They looked their last in each other's eyes.

.

I see the tide lying blue and low
'Neath a summer sky,
I see the mowers that come and go
In the grasses high;
And I hear the grasses whispering,
And I hear the song the mowers sing.

'There stood a palace in days ago,
By the sea it stood,
But the wild wind wrought its will thereon,
And the raging flood;
And the idle guests in the palace stay,
Sleeping on to the Judgment Day.'

.

Within the world is a heart of fire,
 But its fire shall cease ;
And man's heart is a flame of strong desire,
 But the night brings peace ;
In slumber than life or death more deep
Man's heart and the world the gods shall keep.

They shall not reck of the frozen spheres,
 Or the paling skies ;
They shall not measure the days and years,
 Till the Reaper rise,
Who waiteth mutely till time be done,
And he shall garner the stars and sun.

MAY KENDALL.

Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Suez and Panama Canals.

THE name of Ferdinand de Lesseps will ever be associated with one of the greatest engineering enterprises, and also with one of the most disastrous failures, of the present century. It was no light achievement which he accomplished of bringing the East and West nearer for passengers and merchandise by 5,000 miles, and of opening up a highway through the sands of the desert, along which, in the course of a year, 200,000 passengers and 10 million tons of shipping pass which otherwise must have travelled several thousand useless miles. It was due entirely to the genius, energy, and perseverance of De Lesseps, his unbounded confidence in his own purposes, and his power of fascination on those to whom he appealed for financial assistance, that he succeeded in drawing, mainly from the small capitalists of France, the money required for carrying out the undertaking. Elated by the success of his great enterprise, he became dominated with the one idea of making more canals, and with the desire to repeat on the Isthmus of Panama a work of the same character as that which he had accomplished at Suez. He had, however, by this time become an old man, and lacked the energy which had enabled him to thoroughly master all the difficulties of that undertaking during many years of patient investigation. The vanity born of success also led him to rush into this new enterprise without any personal knowledge of the country or of the entirely different character of the difficulties to be overcome. Hence he was led astray by false reports, and allowed himself to become the dupe of dishonest and unscrupulous agents and speculators whose exposure recently created one of the greatest financial scandals of the day.

The Suez Canal drew about 12,000,000*l.* from the pockets of the small investors, which almost from the commencement yielded

them a grand dividend, the shares being now worth from four to five times their original value. Their unbounded faith in De Lesseps led them readily to come forward again to assist him in his fresh enterprise, and whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Canal, it is certain that the original investors have lost the whole of the 53,000,000*l.* which have been squandered on the uncompleted works on the Isthmus of Panama.

De Lesseps was a man of indomitable perseverance, great tenacity of purpose, and unlimited self-confidence. He was possessed of a knack of endowing other people with his own ideas, and fascinating them with his enthusiasm. Although vain and fond of notoriety, he was honest and believed with straightforward innocence in his own intentions.

On his first arrival in Egypt as vice-consul, the vessel in which he sailed had to submit to a long quarantine, and to while away the time, amongst other books he was supplied with a copy of the report drawn up for Napoleon Buonaparte by Lepère, an engineer whom he had employed to investigate the practicability of again opening out a water-way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

The idea was not a new one. According to Herodotus, Pharaoh Necho, 450 years before the Christian era, commenced the construction of a canal branching out from the Nile and traversing the desert to the head of the Gulf of Suez. When about half completed, and after the expenditure of an incredible amount of labour, the work was abandoned owing to an oracle which the king had consulted warning him that if the enterprise was completed it would be for the benefit of his enemies, the barbarians, and probably entangle the nation in foreign complications. The work was subsequently completed by Ptolemy the Second, and afterwards restored by Trajan. The 'Grand Canal' was stated as being far superior to any other canal in the known world. Its breadth was such that two galleys abreast could be navigated on it, and by it the riches and merchandise of the East were conveyed from the Red Sea to the Nile, and thence to the Mediterranean. Strong opposition was raised during the construction on the ground that the land through which it passed being below the level of the Red Sea, the canal would be the means of flooding it. To overcome this difficulty a dam or sluice was placed across it, with doors which opened to give passage to the vessels, and then were closed again. After the lapse of several centuries this canal was allowed to go to ruin, but traces of it still remain.

The study of Lepère's *Etude sur la Jonction des deux Mers*
VOL. XXV. NO. CXLVIII. D D

led De Lesseps to a conclusion exactly opposed to that at which its author had arrived. He became enamoured with the advantages which Lepère set out, and was by no means daunted by the difficulties described. After the perusal of the report he became filled with the grand idea of creating a new water-way between the two seas. Subsequently he was brought in contact with Linant Bey, who had been occupied for several years in canal work in Egypt. Linant Bey initiated De Lesseps into his ideas as to the construction of the proposed Canal, and by his enthusiasm for the subject added to his desire to participate in the work. Lepère, as a result of a complete survey of the isthmus between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, reported that, owing to the difference of level of the two seas, it would be impracticable to form a canal without locks, and advised an entirely different scheme connecting with the Nile. The conclusion that Lesseps arrived at after a perusal of this report was that this difference of level was a monstrous absurdity, and expressed the opinion that if one of the seas were higher it would not have waited for the cutting of a canal to join its waters with the other, but would without this aid have long before cut its own way.

From the time he was twenty-eight years old to the age of sixty-four his life may be said to have been dominated by his great idea of creating an ocean highway, and of demonstrating the absurdity of Lepère's conclusions. He describes himself as having devoted five of these years to study and meditation in his closet, five years to investigation and preparatory labour on the isthmus, and eleven years to the execution of the work. The difficulties overcome in first promoting and afterwards bringing the enterprise to a successful issue were enormous, and could only have been surmounted by a man of exceptionally sanguine temperament and of great resourcefulness.

Mathieu de Lesseps, his father, was engaged in the French diplomatic service, and held successively the appointments of consul in the United States and Egypt, and by marriage was connected with the Empress Eugénie. It was while in Egypt that he paved the way for his son's success by befriending Mehemet Ali, who at that time was a captain of the Turkish Militia, and on whose recommendation he received an important appointment, and subsequently, by guaranteeing his honour, saved him from disgrace. Mehemet Ali never forgot the service thus rendered him, and was grateful to the son for what the father had done for him.

Ferdinand was born at Versailles on November 19, 1805; and died, at the age of eighty-nine, in November last. After the usual college course, he entered the diplomatic service at the age of twenty, and was appointed Attaché at the Consulate at Lisbon, and afterwards at Tunis. In 1831 he was transferred to Egypt, where he successively held the appointment of vice-consul, and afterwards consul at Cairo, and was charged with the direction of the Consulate at Alexandria. His intrepid action and generosity during the plague of 1834 and 1835 procured him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. From Egypt he was transferred successively to Rotterdam, Malaga, and Barcelona. His courageous conduct during the siege and bombardment of Barcelona in 1842 received universal commendation from the authorities and inhabitants, and numerous marks of distinction were conferred on him by his own and foreign Governments. In 1848 he was recalled to Paris, and after a short stay at Madrid was sent on a special mission to Rome. Here his mission ended disastrously, owing to Mazzini being more than a match for him, and finished his diplomatic career. The alleged reason given by the Government for his recall from Rome was that he had lost his head, and could no longer be trusted as an agent of the diplomatic service. His own account of the matter was that when he was sent out he was charged to follow a certain line of conduct, and that subsequently he was directed to take another course, and rather than betray his mission he abandoned twenty-nine years' service and retired into private life.

Being without fortune, he became the manager of his mother-in-law's estate, situated in Le Berri, and devoted his attention to improving the farm and in breeding horses. It was while thus employed that information was brought to him of the death of Abbas Pasha, and of the succession of Mohammed Said as viceroy, whom he had made a fast friend by interceding with his father and frequently saving him from chastisement. Although Mehemet Ali was a good and just ruler of Egypt, he was not a very wise ruler in his household, where he was very severe. Being annoyed at his son growing stout, he sent him to climb the masts of ships and fishing smacks, from which he would return worn out frequently to the house of De Lesseps, with whom he was allowed to visit.

Said Pasha went to France in 1853, and his first visit was to De Lesseps, when the construction of the Suez Canal was one of the principal questions discussed. De Lesseps by his fascinating manner charmed his listener by expatiating on the advantages

Egypt would derive from the construction of this international highway, and the glory that would accrue to the Viceroy during whose administration the work would be carried out. Virtually the creation of the Canal was settled at this visit, and Said returned to Egypt fired with the ambition of reaping the glory to be acquired in acting as the presiding genius of the proposed enterprise. Subsequently, when De Lesseps heard that Said had succeeded to the viceroyship, he hastened without an hour's delay to Egypt. He did not even wait to arrange affairs at home or make preparations for his journey, but in his characteristically impulsive way set out immediately, leaving a number of guests, who had been invited on that day to dinner, at the house at Chesnaye, begging to be excused as their host, saying, 'You must sit down without me. I am going to Egypt,' and thereupon taking a hand-bag he jumped into the carriage and started on his journey. He was well received by Said, and accompanied him on a journey up the Valley of the Nile, during which he explained his scheme for the Canal in detail to the Viceroy and the minister who accompanied him, using all his powers of persuasion to convince them not only of the practicability of the scheme, but of its advantage to Egypt.

The matter was at length brought officially before the Viceroy and his ministers assembled in council in the viceregal tent in November 1854, when a formal report was presented and accepted, and the concession authorising the construction of the Canal granted. This proceeding was formally communicated to the representatives of the foreign Governments at Cairo, the Viceroy remarking to the Consul-General of America, 'I shall queen the pawn against you Americans. The Isthmus of Suez will be pierced before yours at Panama.'

The next step was the exploration and survey of the isthmus. For this the Viceroy appointed three French engineers—Mougel Bey, Linant Bey, and Aivas—to accompany De Lesseps. The exploration was long and difficult.

The caravan had to carry its own supply of water and food, for which purpose sixty camels were required. The feet of these camels trampled on the salt crust of the Bitter Lakes, which, on the cutting of the Canal, became filled with water, and through which vessels navigating the Canal have to pass. These lakes are forty leagues in circumference.

The condition of the desert at the time of the exploration was thus described by De Lesseps: 'Beyond the animals taken with

us for conveyance and food, there was not even a fly in this hideous desert. At night we opened the cages of our fowls, full of confidence, for we were sure that the next morning all our beasts would come round us, not to be abandoned in these desolate places, where solitude is death. When we struck our camp in the morning, if at the moment of departure a hen had lurked behind, pecking at the foot of a tamarisk shrub, quick she would jump up frightened on the back of a camel to regain her cage. The Fellahs whom I took were in constant anxiety, for the inhabitants of the borders of the Nile have the greatest fear of the desert. In our exploration of this desert during two months we experienced sand storms which penetrated into everything.'

Altogether five years were spent making preliminary studies and in preparing the report of the engineers sent out to investigate. These conclusively proved that there was no variation in the level of the two seas, as had always been contended and held up as the chief barrier to the construction of the Canal. De Lesseps determined to submit the evidence thus acquired by the engineers of the Viceroy to an international commission, and for this purpose applied to the Ministers of the principal European Powers to appoint engineers of first rank in their country to join this commission. The Governments of Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland, and Prussia each sent representatives. France sent four—the inspector-general of public works, the hydrographic engineer of the navy, and two admirals. For England Messrs. Maclean, Rendel, and Manby, all engineers of eminent standing, were invited and accepted the invitation to act on the commission. This congress, consisting of thirteen experts of eminent standing in their respective countries, gave their services gratuitously, and declined to accept even the repayment of their travelling expenses. They met in Paris, and, after hearing the evidence placed before them, appointed a sub-commission, composed of five members, to make a local investigation. This sub-commission travelled over the whole of Upper Egypt and surveyed every part of the area of the proposed route.

In January 1856 a report was sent to the Viceroy stating that the Canal was practicable, and that the proposed route was the only one by which the two seas could be joined for commercial purposes; that the execution of the work would not be attended with any great difficulty; and that ports could be constructed at Suez and Pelusium. The estimated cost was put at 8,000,000*l*. When the Viceroy met De Lesseps at Alexandria, on his return from the

desert, and the result was reported to him, 'he threw himself into my arms and showed the liveliest satisfaction.' The expense of this sub-commission, amounting to 12,000*l.*, was paid by the Viceroy. The full report of the whole commission was issued in Paris in the following June. On the strength of this report and the concession already obtained from the Viceroy, it was determined to start a company to construct the Canal.

The concession which had been granted in 1854, although subsequently modified, is still the charter of the Canal Company. It was for a term of ninety-nine years, and stipulated that 15 per cent. of the net profits should go to the Egyptian Government, 75 per cent. to the Company, and 10 per cent. to the founders. It enacted that the works should not be commenced without the sanction of the Porte, thus rendering the document only provisional. It was nine years before this authorisation could be obtained.

De Lesseps now set himself to work to win the opinion of the public in favour of the Canal with a view to raising the money. In France his task was easy, and, on the whole, the scheme was favourably received in the rest of Europe. The English Government, however, steadily set its face against it, and exerted its influence with the Porte to withhold the granting of the required firman. Lord Palmerston's opposition at the time had some justification. The company which was to have the execution of the work was to be a French company, with managers and offices located in Paris. The land for the Canal and for the harbour and houses of the servants of the Canal Company was to be granted to this company, and therefore practically it would result in two French colonies or settlements on the banks of what was intended to become the highway to and from India and England. This colony, located in Egypt and governed by French laws, was likely to lead to political difficulties. This objection was, however, subsequently overcome and the neutrality of the Canal assured. Further, past experience showed that the nation which had hitherto held the route to India commanded the chief part of the trade and the wealth which it produced. As the caravans across Arabia gave place to the sea route round the Cape, the Portuguese obtained a large share of the wealth which previously had flowed into the city of Venice. When the Dutch gained the dominion of the sea they secured the largest share of the wealth arising from the commerce of the East, only to be disputed by England when her flag obtained the supremacy. There was,

therefore, a reasonable fear that this wealth and commerce might, by the alteration of the route and by means of French influence, be diverted to Marseilles and the cities of France which were situated on the road between England and her Oriental possessions. In order to protect British interests, Lord Palmerston was therefore prepared to do all he could to prevent the furtherance of this French enterprise. He had the authority of Robert Stephenson, the engineer whom he had sent out to investigate the matter, for saying that the scheme was commercially impracticable. Stephenson's experience had been almost entirely that of a railway engineer, and as canals in England were then giving place everywhere to railways, he naturally considered that a railway would be a more suitable way of passing the traffic across the isthmus than a canal.

De Lesseps, when he visited England, said, with regard to Lord Palmerston's action in this matter, that 'while finding sympathy in the commercial and lettered classes, I found heads of wool amongst the politicians. Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, made use of unpleasant expressions concerning me. He represented me as a species of pickpocket wishing to take the shareholders' money out of their pockets.' As a matter of fact, what Lord Palmerston said in Parliament was that 'the obvious political tendency of the undertaking is to render more easy the separation of Egypt from Turkey. It is founded also on remote speculations with regard to the easier access to our Indian possessions, which I need not more particularly shadow forth, because they will be obvious to anybody who pays attention to the subject. I can only express my surprise that M. Ferdinand de Lesseps should have reckoned so much on the credulity of English capitalists as to think that by his progress through the different commercial towns in this country he should succeed in obtaining English money for the promotion of a scheme which is every way so adverse and hostile to British interests.' And again, on a subsequent occasion, 'I therefore think I am not much out of the way in stating this to be one of the bubble schemes which are often set on foot to induce English capitalists to embark their money upon enterprises which in the end will only leave them poorer, whoever else they may make richer.'

The Press in England also was generally unfavourable, an article in the *Quarterly Review* describing the calculations as to the traffic to the East on which Lesseps relied as 'preposterous speculations.'

In order to endeavour to convert public opinion in England, De Lesseps came over to this country, landing in April 1857. He spoke at twenty-four meetings in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and elsewhere, at which resolutions in favour of the Canal were passed. After this he went to Constantinople in order to induce the Porte to grant the required firman. Here he describes himself as having found plenty of sympathy but as making no progress. Turkey had just been assisted in her struggle with Russia during the Crimean war, and it was hardly to be expected that the Porte would grant a concession to a French Company in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of the English Government.

Up to this time De Lesseps had been fighting his way single-handed. Three years had elapsed since he obtained his concession from the Viceroy of Egypt. A large amount of money and an immense amount of energy had been expended in putting the scheme in a practical form and in educating public opinion, but no actual progress had been made. He therefore determined without further delay to form the Company and raise the capital, and thus to associate with himself a large body of shareholders whose interests would act as a powerful lever on the Government. Subscription lists for the capital required were opened in France, Spain, Austria, and England. The first three countries took up the portion allotted to them, but the 200,000 20*l.* shares reserved for England were not taken up. The Committee of the proposed Company wished to assign them to other countries, but De Lesseps objected. He did not want England to hold aloof from taking an interest in the Canal, believing that when the fallacies which then prevailed were dissipated we should be glad to have our portion. He therefore persuaded the Khedive to take them, with the view of ultimately disposing of them in England. This anticipation proved to be well founded, as twenty years later 176,000 shares, belonging to Ismail Pasha, were purchased for the English Government by Lord Beaconsfield at a cost of 4,000,000*l.* They not merely entitle England to a voice in the management of the Canal, but if sold would realise more than four times the purchase money. To raise the capital in France, Lesseps first went to the great capitalists, but on applying to the Rothschilds and finding they would require a commission of five per cent., which would have amounted to 400,000*l.*, he at once determined to conduct the operations himself and to rely on the patriotism of the *petites gens* and the contributions of their small savings, and he was not dis-

appointed. There are many amusing anecdotes told of the motives which induced the small capitalists of France to put their money in this undertaking. One of an old soldier, who said on applying for his shares: 'Oh, those English! I am glad to be able to be revenged on them by taking shares in the Canal;' and of another who, without clearly understanding whether it was to be a railway or canal undertaking, remarked: 'That's all the same to me; provided it be against the English, I will subscribe.'

A great part of the money was subscribed on the faith of De Lesseps alone. As an illustration of the way he was regarded in France an anecdote is told of a cabman who had been engaged to drive him to his office, who on receiving his fare insisted on shaking his hand, saying 'Am not I one of your shareholders?'

The capital subscribed by the shareholders was 10,400,000*l.*, in addition to which was the 3,340,000*l.* obtained from the Viceroy. It was, however, found, as the work went on, that this sum was quite inadequate, and in 1865 it became necessary to raise another four millions. At this time the credit of the Company did not stand very high on the French Bourse, and many adverse rumours were floating about as to the impossibility of the completion of the Canal. As a means of overcoming these obstacles and restoring confidence, De Lesseps invited representatives from the principal Chambers of Commerce in Europe and America to accompany him in an inspection of the works of the Canal. Several delegates from England accompanied this excursion, which partook more of the character of a picnic than a business investigation, each day ending with a banquet. These delegates on their return were so impressed with their host's enthusiasm and hospitality, and what he had shown them, that they spread abroad a belief in the feasibility of the enterprise and for a time silenced the adverse feeling. For obtaining the further capital, bonds of the value of 20*l.*, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent., were issued at the price of 12*l.*, with an annual lottery for prizes of a total value of 40,000*l.*

For this operation the sanction of the French Government had to be obtained. The subscription list was open only three days, and before its close the bonds were at a premium.

As soon as the Company was duly formed, and the first capital subscribed, De Lesseps determined at once to commence operations, and, for the time giving up all attempts to obtain the Sultan's firman, he betook himself to the site of the Canal.

In doing this he relied on the sympathy which he knew the

Porte had for the scheme, and on the hope that the natural inertness of the Turk would prevent his taking any active steps to stop the work. In June, 1859, the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs called De Lesseps' attention to the fact that the Sultan's firman had not been granted, and that it was an integral part of the Viceroy's concession, and therefore a necessary preliminary to the commencement of the works. In his reply he simply ignored the necessity of obtaining this firman, enlarged on the duty he owed to his Company, and expressed his conviction that the Government would not raise any unnecessary opposition. In the meanwhile, and in spite of further warnings to stop all works, whether preparatory or otherwise, he pushed on vigorously, relying on the support of the French Government when once French money had become sunk on the isthmus; and made a direct personal appeal to Napoleon to use his influence with the Porte. After this all attempts to stop the works ceased.

The Commission which went out to take possession of the land met with very great opposition from the native chiefs and Government officials, and on several occasions could only obtain the food and camels they required by force. When they arrived at the last village in Lower Egypt an officer of the Cairo police, who had been following the party for several days, seized some of the camel drivers and imprisoned them, and ordered the inhabitants not to supply them with food. Upon this De Lesseps became fully aware that if the enterprise was to go on he must let the people feel that he was superior to these petty chiefs and Government officials. Acting on his maxim that in the East you must be either the hammer or the anvil, and that it was necessary to let them know that he intended to be the former, he summoned the principal inhabitants of the village to his tent, and after giving them coffee produced a revolver, and placing six empty bottles in a row broke each successively with a bullet from the pistol, and then turning to his guests remarked, 'Bear this in mind, I have twenty in my band who are all better shots than I am. While we are in the desert we shall take every moving black mark for a gazelle.'

The first sod of the Canal was turned in April, 1859, without further disturbance, but a considerable time was occupied in preliminary operations, and no real progress made until two years later. The construction of the Canal was placed under the direction of Lavallé, a French engineer. The work was at first let in one contract, but the arrangement turning out unsatisfactory the

agreement was subsequently cancelled and the Company took the works in their own hands, letting out portions in smaller contracts. The total quantity of soil removed was 80,000,000 cubic yards, or nearly double that of the Manchester Ship Canal. Great difficulty was encountered in procuring the necessary labour. The Viceroy had undertaken as one of the terms of the concession that he would find 20,000 men under the system of forced labour which then prevailed in Egypt for clearing and maintaining the canals and irrigation works. This system of forced labour, or *corvée*, was always looked upon as a great hardship, and only submitted to by the peasants on compulsion, even when the work was for the benefit of the lands they cultivated. The difficulty of enforcing the *corvée* became much greater when they were taken a long way from their homes to the desert to assist in the scheme of a French speculator. The dissatisfaction at last became so pronounced, and the difficulty of mustering the peasants so great, that after the works had been about four years in operation the Egyptian Government withdrew the supply of men, and paid to the Company as compensation, for this and the surrender of the rights to the land adjacent to the Canal, 1,520,000*l.*, the amount awarded by the Emperor Napoleon, to whom the decision as to the amount to be paid had been left.

The place of these Egyptian labourers was, to a large extent, supplied by machinery specially designed for the purpose. Upwards of sixty dredgers, capable of removing 2,750,000 cubic yards of material monthly, were constructed and put in operation. For the purpose of obtaining the best design for these machines a deputation of French engineers was sent to Glasgow to inspect the system of dredging pursued in the Clyde, and a staff of Scotch engineers and qualified mechanics with about 500 workmen sent out to Suez. Contracts were also entered into with English contractors for the completion of the more difficult part of the work for which French methods and machinery were found to be inadequate. In addition to the mere excavation of the water-way between the two seas, a canal had to be cut to bring fresh water for the use of the men employed and for the families of the officials and labourers then and afterwards permanently engaged in the management of the Canal. Also the construction of a harbour at each end, for the piers and walls of which a large quantity of stone and concrete was required.

At Port Said there are two basins, one seventy-six acres in extent, and the other ten acres, each thirty-seven feet deep, and

three miles of quays. At Suez the roadstead had to be dredged and an outer harbour of 400 acres and an inner harbour of 130 acres constructed. The Canal itself, including the passages through the Bitter Lakes, is 100 miles long, and, when opened, had a depth of twenty-six feet of water, and a bottom width of seventy-two feet. The total capital sunk was 16,613,000*l.*, or more than double the original estimate. Of the sum 11,653,218*l.* was expended on works, and the remainder went for management, interest, commission, and other charges. Considerable sums have since been spent on dredging for deepening and widening the Canal, and other improvements, bringing the total outlay up to over 20,000,000*l.* There is now a depth of twenty-eight feet of water, which it is intended to increase to thirty feet.

Previous to the commencement of the works the total population of the isthmus was 150; there is now a population of 17,000 at Port Said and 11,000 at Suez.

While the work of construction was going on, De Lesseps' friend and steady supporter, the Viceroy Said, died, and was succeeded by Ismail in 1863. After his accession the opposition of the English Government continued, but De Lesseps finally succeeded in overcoming this by the aid of the Emperor Napoleon, and the Sultan's firman was at length obtained and the Company thus freed from their political difficulties.

After ten years' incessant labour De Lesseps announced to a general meeting of shareholders that the Canal would be ready for opening on November 17, 1869, and, as he subsequently stated in a lecture on the subject, 'so indeed it was, but not without difficulties, and not without terrible emotions. I have never seen so clearly how near failure may be to success; but at the same time that triumph belongs to him who, marching onward, places his confidence in God and man.'

The opening of the Canal was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and occupied three days. The international fleet which took part in it started from Ismaila on the first day, on the second it remained at the Bitter Lakes, and on the third day arrived at Suez without accident. The directors and their friends were accommodated on the steamer *Peluse*, and there were present, besides the Khedive, the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, on board the French man-of-war the *Aigle*; the Emperor of Austria, on board an Austrian frigate; the Crown Prince of Prussia, on the *Huerta*, a ship of war; the King and Queen of Holland, and a large number of other distinguished guests. The

total party assembled for the occasion amounted to 6,000, who had to be sheltered and fed.

Shortly before the opening ceremony several accidents occurred which threatened to mar the proceedings. A large consignment of fireworks, which had been brought for the fêtes, caught fire and exploded, nearly causing the destruction of the town where they were stored. A few days before the opening a large shoal of hard rock was accidentally discovered in the bed of the Canal which would prevent its navigation by the vessels which were to pass through it at the opening ceremony. The method of overcoming the difficulty is thus graphically described: 'The Sovereigns were on the road to the rendezvous. The fleets had been bidden and were about to arrive. It was necessary at any price to be in a position to receive them. In the first place I cried, "Go and get powder at Cairo—powder in masses—and then if we cannot blow up the rock, we will blow up ourselves." By the intelligence of our engineers and the energy of our workmen, we were saved, and the obstacle sufficiently removed in time to let the ships pass.' This, however, was not the only event which caused the promoter of the Canal anxiety. On the evening previous to the opening, after receiving the Empress and several distinguished guests, intelligence was brought that an Egyptian frigate had run aground near Port Said, in the middle of the Canal, barring the passage. A steamer was at once sent off with men and appliances to remove her, but returned in the middle of the night saying that they found it impossible to do so. The Khedive then himself with a thousand men of his squadron went to the wreck with the intention of either 'taking his frigate away or blowing her up.' It was only five minutes before the arrival of the Ceremonial fleet at the scene of the accident that the Egyptian admiral in charge was able to signal that the Canal was free. On arriving at Ismaila, the Empress told De Lesseps that during the whole of the journey she had felt as though a circle of fire was round her head, because every moment she feared that the *Aigle*, the vessel which she was on board, would be stopped, and the honour of the French flag compromised. One-and-thirty ships inaugurated the opening, and since that day there has been no interruption to the traffic, which has grown from 436 vessels, having a gross tonnage of 654,915 tons, which passed through in 1870, the first complete year after the opening, to 3,341 vessels with a tonnage of about 10,750,000 last year. Over 200,000 passengers annually pass through the Canal. The receipts are sufficient not only to pay

the working expenses and cost of improvements, the guaranteed interest on the founders' and other shares, and the money set aside for the redemption of the capital, but also to give to the original shareholders a dividend of from 17 to 20 per cent.

Of all the ships which navigate the Canal, about 75 per cent. sail under the British flag; Germany being second with $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; France accounts for $6\frac{1}{2}$; Holland $4\frac{1}{2}$; Austria 2; Italy and Norway about 1 per cent. each.

In 1888 a convention was agreed to between the Canal Company and the British shipowners by which a progressive reduction of the Canal dues was obtained; a London office created; a fair representation of British interests made on the Board of Directors; and an undertaking given that the Canal shall be widened, deepened, and improved. These concessions were only obtained after a severe struggle and the threat of constructing a second canal with English money. Since the purchase of the Khedive's shares, England, besides being by far the largest customer of the Canal, had also become one of the largest shareholders, and this position was recognised by De Lesseps. He was, however, unwilling to give the English as large a controlling power as the shipowners demanded, and after several interviews held with the Convention in this country, finding that there was no help but to give way, he went back to Paris in disgust, leaving his son Charles to complete the negotiations. Even then he had to face a serious opposition from a considerable portion of the French shareholders, and was accused of having acted in a manner detrimental to French interests.

After the opening of the Canal De Lesseps was at the zenith of his fame. He was promoted to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. The gold medal and grand prize of ten thousand francs was awarded to him by the French Geographical Society. The British Foreign Secretary sent him a letter of congratulation. Shortly afterwards, on his visit to this country, the Corporation of London, at the Guildhall, presented him with the freedom of the City; and a fête was held in his honour at the Crystal Palace. The medal of the Society of Arts was presented to him in person by the Prince of Wales. He was invited to dine with the Duke of Sutherland, where he met both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli; and the Press and men of all ranks vied with one another in extolling him and his grand work.

Unfortunately, however, in 1875 he had undertaken to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The difficulties of

this work were never sufficiently realised by him, nor did he ever apply to it the same energy and painstaking care in making himself acquainted with all the circumstances as he did with the Suez Canal. The task was undertaken on data afforded by an imperfect survey made by an officer of the Navy, and, after the Company was formed, by a visit paid by De Lesseps in company with a technical commission in 1889. It was during this stay of two months that the first sod was cut, and the whole proceeding was more like a holiday tour than the painstaking survey he caused to be made in the Arabian Desert. On the strength of it, however, he paid visits to the chief towns of America, England, Holland, Belgium, and France, for the purpose of creating an interest in the scheme and raising the money required. Honest and straightforward himself, he placed too much confidence in information afforded by others; and as the scheme progressed he allowed himself to become the dupe of dishonest speculators, and, with the hope that the end would redeem the means as it had done with Suez, he was led on till the final catastrophe covered his old age with shame and grief. The geographical and climatic conditions of the Isthmus of Panama are utterly different from those of Suez; the engineering difficulties to be overcome have no comparison. In the latter case there existed not the influence of the Viceroy to back him and find labour. The first estimate of the amount required was 25 millions sterling. Within a few years after the commencement debentures to the extent of several millions had been issued, and in 1888 a further sum was raised. To obtain this De Lesseps had been all over France, attending meetings and giving lectures, assuring every one, and probably himself believing, that the Canal was within a measurable distance of completion, and that the money he was now asking for would be all that was required. He again appealed to the small capitalists of France, the shopkeepers and the peasants. 'These are the men,' he exclaimed, 'who made Suez, and they shall make Panama;' assuring them that he alone was solely responsible for the scheme, and that the general who had gained one battle would win for them another. These *petites gens* never wholly lost confidence in him. When a rumour ran throughout France that the Panama Canal Company had suspended payment, the excitement was intense. On the afternoon of the day when the news first spread in Paris the large hall belonging to the Company became crowded with shareholders. When the excitement was at the highest

De Lesseps entered from the Board Room and addressed the crowd. Even then he had not lost faith in the undertaking or abandoned hope. He threw the blame of the catastrophe on his unscrupulous adversaries, whom he described as vultures watching for their prey, and told his hearers that if they would only remain firm and united and trust to him all might yet be well. This scene illustrates in a most striking manner the influence which De Lesseps had gained over the people of France. These shareholders had come in a crowd vowing vengeance upon him, but the magic of his words turned their cursing into blessing, and they made the hall ring with the shouts of 'Vive le Grand Français!' The enthusiasm of those inside the building spread to those outside, and the dense crowd which thronged the adjacent streets took up the cry, and wreaked their vengeance on those who, less credulous, ventured to express their opinion too freely on the 'Grand Français.'

Out of the 53 millions sterling raised only about 31 millions were spent on the works and payments to contractors, a great part even of this in no way representing work done. Expenditure of the most reckless kind was lavished on houses and accommodation for the staff and directors of the Company at Panama. The remainder was squandered in France, in commissions, and in buying the support of the Press, and even in more direct bribery. As these circumstances became known public indignation was aroused, and the Government were compelled to issue a commission of inquiry into the conduct of De Lesseps and his colleagues. New facts brought to light made further proceedings incumbent, and in 1893 a prosecution for breach of trust was instituted against Ferdinand de Lesseps, his son Charles, and others who had been mixed up with the Company, either as contractors or financiers. Both father and son were found guilty and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. It is hoped that Ferdinand de Lesseps escaped the knowledge of this great scandal. He was at the time in feeble health, and scarcely conscious of what was going on around. No attempt was made to carry out the sentence pronounced in his absence, and every effort made to keep from his knowledge all accounts of the proceedings.

However much De Lesseps may be blamed for the part he played in this colossal financial scandal, for attempting to carry out a scheme without adequate knowledge of its difficulties, and without exercising proper control and supervision over its proceedings, and persisting in the attempt long after it was hopeless,

yet no taint of personal dishonesty attached either to Ferdinand or his son Charles. They came out of the concern poorer than they went in, and deprived of all they had previously gained; and Charles's wife and family are now dependent on the generosity of the shareholders of the Suez Canal, who have voted them an annuity for the remainder of their lives. Still it cannot be concealed that De Lesseps, and he alone, is responsible for the money lost at Panama. It was the spell of his name that drew out the hoards of the French *petites gens*; the money was staked solely on his credit and on his reputation. The Panama, like the Suez, Canal was a one-man undertaking. De Lesseps was known all over the world as the constructor of the Suez Canal, as the man who, in spite of English opposition, had added to the glory of France and, at the same time, had gained large dividends for those who at his call had come forward with their money to assist him. Both the sentimental and frugal sides of the French nation were gratified. It was only natural that the less intelligent of the middle classes should think that the man who had cut one canal could as easily make another. They did not know or consider that the engineering difficulties of the one had been as much overrated as those of the other were in the dark and unknown. It was on the strength of his position that more than fifty millions of pounds was staked and has been lost.

In this country the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps is one that should always be held in honour. Against the wishes and in spite of the determined opposition of the Government of this country, without encouragement or aid from the mercantile classes, De Lesseps carried out a work that was deemed by those qualified to form an opinion as impracticable. It is due to the enterprise and perseverance of him alone that we now have a highway to our Indian possessions and Australian colonies, of the advantages of which it is impossible to form any adequate estimate. Of this undertaking, in the conception and execution of which we took only a hostile part, we make three times as much use as all the rest of the world put together. We own a large proportion of the shares, and the Government of this country draws from the Canal a handsome revenue: the least, then, that we can do is to honour the memory of the man to whom we are indebted for this great service.

W. H. WHEELER.

San Stefano.

A BALLAD OF THE BOLD 'MENELAUS.'

IT was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant days,
 And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
 When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the haze,
 And she hauled her cable home and took the tide.
 She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
 Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
 And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
 When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

Chorus.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
 Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
 And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
 When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the land,
 When she spied a pennant red and white and blue;
 They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half a league in
 hand,
 But she flung aloft her royals, and she flew.
 She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond a doubt,
 But they slipped her into Orbitello Bay,
 And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
 With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

(*Chorus.*)

Now, Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,
 Son and grandson of an admiral was he;
 And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the chase,
 And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea,

And he called across the decks, 'Ay! the cheering might be late
 ' If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs;
 ' Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her straight
 ' For the prize lying yonder by the guns!'

(*Chorus.*)

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbitello Bay
 Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost;
 And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
 And in silence every gunner took his post.
 With a volley from her broadside the citadel she woke,
 And they hammered back like heroes all the night;
 But before the morning broke she had vanished through the
 smoke
 With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

(*Chorus.*)

It was evening at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant time,
 And the sky behind the down was flushing far;
 And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all a-chime,
 When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
 She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
 Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
 And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
 When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

Chorus.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
 Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
 And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
 When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Only Kitty.

A 'KODAK' OF LONDON LIFE.

Kitty was pretty,
And Kitty was witty,
But Kitty, alack! was only Kitty.

IT was 'only Kitty' who had received such a very odd invitation, that all the feminine heads of the family were gathered together to smile over the letter which conveyed it. If it had been either of the two elder Miss Masterdons who had been invited to spend a month in Gordon Square, Bloomsbury, during the height of the London season, all concerned would almost have felt as if Maud and Ethel had been insulted. Maud and Ethel were such very grand young ladies.

But now that it was only Kitty to whom kind old Mrs. Benetfink (the wealthy and worthy kinswoman whom no one wished to offend, but whom it was sometimes rather awkward to evade) had extended the finger of hospitality, Mrs. Masterdon and her daughters looked at each other, as we have said, with a smile, while Kitty raised a shout of joy.

'Oh, let me go! Let me go!' cried she, prancing up and down. 'Father, say I'm to go,' darting up to the old squire, who, all unconscious, placidly opened the door of the room. 'Father, do be on my side,' seizing him by the arm and shaking it vigorously. 'You know you always are on my side, aren't you? And if you say I am to go, mother won't refuse.'

'Eh?' said he, stopping short, and looking from one to the other. 'What?'

'Oh now, father, do promise me before they begin. Don't listen to any one but me. You say that I'm to go.'

'But how *can* I say? I—upon my word—I don't know what it is all about. Do some of you explain.' And the poor gentleman

looked round for aid; though it is noteworthy that he did not attempt to shake off the vehement little gadfly which had fastened upon him. 'What is she rushing at me like this for?' he demanded finally.

'It's only Kitty, you know,' began his eldest daughter, with the usual condescending intonation. 'She always flies into a fever about everything. Kitty, don't worry father. Of course he will agree to whatever mother thinks right.'

'Oh, of course!' assented he, with a touch of quiet grimness.

'And so if you will let mother think it over, and not be in such a hurry, I dare say you will get what you want. It is an invitation from Mrs. Benetfink, father.'

'Mrs. Benetfink? Oh!'

'She wants Kitty to go to her next Monday to spend a few weeks.'

'A month,' bursts in Kitty.

'A few weeks or a month,' amended the narrator. 'It is really very kind of Mrs. Benetfink, and well meant, and all that; and, of course, she does not know any better.'

'Know any better?' echoed Kitty's little shrill voice.

'Oh, we all know how you feel!' continued Miss Maud, not unkindly. 'You are wild to go anywhere and everywhere. It's all one to you whether it is Belgravia or Bloomsbury, Mayfair or Wapping; I believe you would cheerfully start for Bethnal Green to-morrow if anybody would put you into the train.'

'Well, well, it's only Kitty,' quoth Mrs. Masterdon, with the usual half indulgent, half contemptuous smile, 'and she is so young and inexperienced!'—Kitty nodded delightedly at each adjective—'that all neighbourhoods are alike to her. And really it does not matter, you know, where an *un-come-out* girl goes'—pausing for reflection.

'I think she ought to go,' said Ethel slowly. Ethel's decisions were final at Monk's Cary. Kitty nearly fell at her sister's feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Masterdon, albeit people of family and fortune, had no town-house of their own, and were indisposed to rent one, and undergo all the fatigue and turmoil of the London season during the months of the year when their own beautiful country-seat was most congenial to them, and when the effort was not absolutely necessary from other motives than those of enjoyment.

According to their views—or, to be strictly correct, according to Mrs. Masterdon's views—it would have been their bounden

duty to make an annual move as soon as the ages of her daughters seemed to demand recognition, had she not by good hap been exempt from pressing the point in the case of her eldest, who had been engaged and married—married handsomely, too—before ever she had been presented at Court. A few county balls and shooting dinner parties had done the business almost ere the young lady's parents themselves had opened their eyes to the fact that there was a suitor in the case; and since then there had always been Lady Latimer's house in South Street for Maud and Mabel to resort to when the month of May came round.

Letitia was well pleased to have her sisters. She was an amiable girl, perfectly well-conducted, perfectly satisfied with her own position, and benevolently ready to do what she could towards helping the younger ones to similar good fortune.

Her husband, usually called 'Little Bob,' was a good-natured little gossip fellow, with plenty of friends, nothing to do, and all day to do it in.

To the care, then, of this young couple Mrs. Masterdon was well pleased to despatch her daughters whenever they desired to exchange the woods and fields of Monk's Cary for the glitter and gloss of Rotten Row, the while she herself remained behind to attend to her flower borders, cut her lavender, and dry her rose-leaves; and on the occasion with which this little story opens, Maud and Ethel were just preparing to depart for their annual sojourn.

'I shall go up with you when I go to Mrs. Benetfink's,' said Kitty gleefully. 'I shall go with you as far as the station, but I sha'n't want you a bit beyond. Mrs. Benetfink is going to send her own carriage for me, and I shall drive off in it all by myself; and then I'm to see no more of you all the time I'm in Gordon Square—isn't that it? You won't come prowling after me, and wanting to know what I'm doing, and where I'm going?' (She did not perceive the covert amusement in two pairs of eyes as she spoke.) 'Because, you know, though I am very fond of you both, I do want to be quite on my own *hook*,' pursued she anxiously. 'I think it will be such fun; and I think it's a splendid idea not to tell Mrs. Benetfink anything about your being up, if we can only keep from meeting, and London is such a very big place that I dare say we shall be able to manage that,' she added reflectively; 'though, of course, I shall see you sometimes in the Park—but oh, I say, Maud,' breaking off short, 'what if Mrs. Benetfink sees you too?'

Maud took her sister's hand. 'Now, Kitty, listen; and try

to be a little grown-up, and reasonable, and sensible. Though you are only seventeen, you are not a child; and you can surely begin to understand things. We think it will be easiest to say nothing about our being in town; but if Mrs. Benetfink recognises us anywhere when she is out driving with you, all you need say is that we are staying with Letitia, and that you will write and let us know if she would like us to call. Don't do this unless you are obliged,' emphatically. 'You see Mrs. Benetfink is not quite—quite——'

'Oh, I know she's rather vulgar!' said Kitty, frankly. 'I don't mind; but I dare say Letitia would curl up sometimes. I'll take care,' nodding merrily. 'We vulgarians sha'n't cross the path of you grandees. We are going to enjoy ourselves in our own way; and we don't want *you*, any more than you want *us*; and if I pass you sitting aloft behind your powdered and cockaded men when I am in my humbler carriage, I shall just wink to you and grin to myself as I go by.'

'For goodness' sake, don't wink, Kitty!'

'Mayn't I wink? Well, then, I shall give you a *fearfully* knowing look, and you shall see that I am laughing to myself. Or suppose I drop my parasol between Mrs. Benetfink and you, and make a face like this,' puckering up her mouth, 'for your and Letitia's benefit?'

'You understand, Kitty, that it is only on Letitia's account that we—we—of course Letitia has Bob's people to think of. In London one has to be so very particular whom one knows. No doubt Mrs. Benetfink would like to know Letitia very much——'

'No doubt she would do nothing of the kind,' thrust in Kitty. 'Letitia's a fine lady, and Mrs. Benetfink is just a dear, old, rather common one; as nice as she can be, and not at all troubling her head about doing the "right thing," and going to the "right places," as you swells do.'

'Kitty, dear child, don't say "you swells."'

'Why not? You *are* swells, you and Ethel. I always think how gorgeous you look when you set forth all in your best, holding your heads in the air, for some grand party or other; and I am sure to hear afterwards how you've been admired and made a fuss about. But you will never turn *me* into a swagger Miss Masterdon. I'm only Kitty, and I like to enjoy myself; and though Mrs. Benetfink does sometimes make me laugh a little down in my throat, it's not her I'm laughing at, it's only her way of looking at things. And as for letting her go to a house where

she wasn't wanted'—the colour rose in Kitty's cheek—'you may be very sure I shall take care she doesn't do *that*!' she concluded proudly.

'Say no more,' whispered Maud to Ethel. She perceived the right chord had been touched.

Directly the train stopped at Waterloo Station Kitty was on the alert to bid her sisters farewell, and be off by herself with her own footman, whom her quick eyes espied in a twinkling, and whom she had been instructed how to distinguish by a ribbon passed through his buttonhole. Mrs. Benetfink had herself tied the ribbon there, and impressed upon Andrew, a raw Scotch youth, good of heart but sluggish of brain, to be as clever as he could in picking out her young lady visitor from among the train's passengers.

What Andrew's cleverness might have amounted to boots not here to inquire, for Kitty saved him the trouble of exerting it.

'There he is! That's my man!' she cried with keen exultation; 'and just where he should be—just where I was looking for him! And I dare say that's your creature, all painted and powdered, gaping up and down, and hardly taking the trouble to turn his head this way! Isn't that your creature? I knew it was! As like Letitia as he can be—I mean as like Letitia's footman—I mean—never mind, I'm off. Good-bye to you both. Bless you! bless you! I hope you'll enjoy yourselves one half as much as I mean to do. I say,' turning back with a momentary hesitation, 'you might just drop me a line now and then to tell me what you are about.'

'Of course we shall write to you, child!' said Maud, kindly. 'What an absurd girl you are! You speak almost as if we should be ashamed of you, and you know it is not that at all.'

'Oh, I know it is not that!' said Kitty, cheerfully, though her eyelids quivered a little. 'I know all about it. But it just seemed rather odd to be saying good-bye and yet to be stopping in the same place.' But in a few minutes she had forgotten all about the oddness. Kitty had such a sweet, frank nature, and such perfect trustfulness in the goodwill of all about her, that it only needed an affectionate kiss from either sister, and the repeated assurance that she would be thought of and communicated with (at intervals), for her to cast off the little cloud which had for a moment overshadowed her spirits, and for all to be sunshine once more. As she drove off in Mrs. Benetfink's solid, comfortable carriage, which, to her glee, was empty, her hostess having been

detained at the last moment, she indulged herself by making the promised 'face' as she passed Lady Latimer's elegant victoria, and neither Maud nor Ethel could resist laughing in response.

It was only Kitty, and their hearts felt rather soft towards Kitty as she rolled away.

By the time Kitty arrived in Gordon Square her happiness, importance, and pleasurable anticipation were a treat to see. The friends, whose unexpected call had detained Mrs. Benetfink in her own drawing-room, fell in love with her young visitor on the spot. They had never beheld anything prettier than Kitty's bounding rush into the old lady's arms. 'And wasn't it kind of her to think of me?' she appealed to the other two, whose sympathising faces betokened appreciation and begot confidence. 'And to have me all by myself! Just what I like best! To go about with *her*, you know, all day long! And no one else to interfere! No one else to be talked to! Just we two together! Won't it be delightful?'

The visitors gone, 'Now let us talk,' cried Kitty, settling down. 'Let us plan it all out. It begins with to-morrow, doesn't it?'

'Well, I took tickets for to-night——'

'For *to-night*?' screamed Kitty.

'For the Botanic Fête,' nodded Mrs. Benetfink. 'So now, shall we go up and see your room? My maid is putting out your things; and, Kitty,' nervously, 'I—I just took the liberty of getting in these——' for laid upon the bed in Kitty's room were three lovely new made-up skirts; one with a neat little bodice, the other two with materials awaiting construction. 'Being a relation and an old body, and your own particular friend, I thought your mamma would allow me,' murmured Mrs. Benetfink, trying not to look guilty. 'You see it's so difficult to get things attended to for all; and your sisters—so I just took it on myself. And there's a nice little dressmaker at Marshall's,' smiling across the bed, 'who's coming in to-morrow morning, first thing after breakfast. Well now, I *am* glad you're pleased. I thought you would be,' returning a rapturous embrace. 'And here is Blossom to look after you and settle you in. Blossom says if you mind sleeping alone in this big room, that Lizzie—that's the under-girl—can have a bed in the dressing-room here,' opening a side door. 'Oh, the bed's there already, I see! and quite right too, Blossom. I am glad you went and did it without stopping to ask questions. So now I'll be off, and you take your time, and shake

off all your dust. If you would like a warm bath, the bath-room's next door, and it might freshen you up for the evening. Blossom will get it ready, and you can pop in while she's unpacking. See to it, Blossom. And oh, Kitty! there's one thing more—these roses,' turning to a bunch on the toilet-table. 'Although you come from a land of roses, I dare say you won't despise them, and I like to see a young girl with a posy. Put them in your belt to-night, my dear; and you'll always have a flower to wear whenever you're going out. If I forget, just ask me for it. There now,' looking round, 'is that all?'

'I should think it must be all,' said Kitty, looking straight at her with moist eyes, 'because there really isn't anything else left to wish for.'

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It was one of the hottest days of the year, so that there was perhaps some excuse for people being languid and peevish, especially people who had been toiling after pleasure for many days and nights together, and who, if they had found it, were scarcely inclined to allow as much.

By their listless attitudes and disjointed conversation—if conversation it could be called—any one could have told that it was a family party which was gathered together, or, strictly speaking, which drooped in company within the shaded windows of a small house in Mayfair. One by one they had strayed in from the flowering balcony, vowing that it was hotter without than within; and now the three sisters, Letitia, Maud, and Ethel, fanned themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs, or hung their arms by their sides, as they endeavoured by absolute rest from every sort of exertion to prepare for the moment when effort must again be made.

Yet no one suggested the idea of abandoning the effort. Of course they would go to the Embassy Ball; and of course it would be like every other ball, crowded and gorgeous, and unsatisfactory; and they would come away fatigued to death, and fit only to drop on to their pillows, and remain there till to-morrow's sun should be high in the heavens, making fresh demands, which were yet the demands of all its predecessors.

'This London season is really very hard work,' observed Letitia at last, as sapiently as though the remark had never been made before. 'I am sure I don't know how one ever lives through it. If one could pick and choose—but that's just what one can't do.'

People talk about going out "a little." But who ever does go out a little? You are either *in it*, or you are *out of it*—at least that's what I find.'

'It is certainly better to be in it than out of it.' This was Ethel's wisdom.

'Of course one could enjoy it more if it could be taken by inches,' subjoined Maud; 'for instance, if one could turn weeks into months——'

'Oh, I don't know that I want months of this!' interposed Lady Latimer, hastily, missing the point. 'I am always thankful when the season is over, and the order is given to pack up and be off. I really think'—but what she really thought was never destined to be known.

The door opened.

'Ha, I thought I'd find you all melting away in here,' quoth Sir Robert, poking in a little brisk face. 'Here's Syd saying the weather's glorious,' indicating a handsome sunburnt edition of himself. 'Syd likes the heat,' continued little Bob, dropping into a chair. 'He says it makes him feel more fit than he has done since he came home from the East.'

'I should not mind the heat if I could take things as easily as Captain Latimer does,' said Maud Masterdon, throwing a half-reproachful glance at Sir Robert's brother. 'If one could make up one's mind to go nowhere, live at a club——'

'That's what he does—lives at his club,' dashed in her brother-in-law. 'He is to be found standing about in that nice cool hall, morning, noon, and night. I'm hanged if he isn't in the right of it too. It's beastly being on the rush all the time; only—I say, doesn't it get a bit monotonous, Syd?'

'It does, rather,' said Syd, cheerfully.

'Then why not come with us sometimes, Sydney?' Here was a chance for which Letitia had been longing. 'You know how often we have asked you.'

'I know you're awfully good,' said he.

'But you won't come all the same.'

Then little Bob laughed aloud. 'You won't catch him, not you. Do you suppose it hasn't been tried before? He never answers his invitations. I believe it's too much trouble even to tear them up; they are just left to accumulate.'

'Oh, he's simply too fine for anything!' Letitia tossed her head a little, whilst her sisters maintained the silence of discreet young women who feel their charms unappreciated.

'I come to *your* parties, you know, Letitia——' began Captain Latimer.

'When?' shot like a cannon-ball from Letitia's lips.

'To be sure I did not come, but I meant to, last week——'

'And you refused my dinner invitation for next.'

'That's it! At him, Letitia!' Little Sir Robert rubbed his hands in glee. 'He's too big a swell altogether. He always was too grand for me; and I believe he never would come near the house if I didn't go myself and hook him right out of that old club door.' As he spoke he made an affectionate grimace which betokened a perfect understanding between the brothers. 'He only came now because he wants to know if I may go with him to-night,' concluded the speaker.

'To-night? Go with him to-night?' Letitia sat bolt upright in an instant. Her husband go with his brother instead of his brother going with them all! And she would have been so particularly pleased to take Captain Sydney Latimer to the Embassy Ball for which he had his own invitation, and where, if he did not know more people than she herself did, he would be welcomed by some of high importance, and would be intimate with several to whom an introduction might be useful. She was now really vexed as well as alarmed.

'Bob told me he was going with you to a ball,' said Captain Latimer, patting on the head a little dog which had run up to him. 'Balls aren't much sport, at least to a man who doesn't dance. I am going to a play—no, I believe it ought not to be called a play; it's an "Entertainment," that's the dodge; but all the same I hear it is awfully funny, and I want to see Corney Grain in it. I hear he is awfully good in his new piece——'

'Corney Grain!' exclaimed three pairs of lips at once. 'Why, that is at the German Reeds!' appended Lady Latimer almost in a whisper. Then she turned upon her husband such a face of blank consternation as made him leap into the air and wring his hands in ecstasy.

'It is the German Reeds, by Jove!' he cried. 'The murder's out, by Jove! I thought it would nearly kill 'em!' to his brother. Then to his wife: 'He won't go near your Embassy Ball. He won't go to any of the first parties in London. He can hardly be got even for a dinner, and even by his best friends, and here he has set his heart on going to laugh at the most squalid show in the whole place, and wants me to go with him; and by Jove! I am going too!'

The ladies sat absolutely mute.

'I'll do my level best to bring him on to the ball afterwards,' proceeded little Bob, anxiously.

'We ought to be much honoured,' replied his wife, dropping her eyelids. But the shot told. She made no further opposition; and Sir Robert, saying he would not be ten minutes dressing, flew upstairs three steps at a time; while Captain Latimer explained that it had been arranged that the two were to dine together at his much-reviled club, in order that the early hour at which the 'squalid show' commenced might not inconvenience the Mayfair household.

As it was, the two arrived late at the entertainment for which they were bound, and the piece was in full swing as they took their seats in the somewhat dingy hall, full in every part, and proportionately warm. The audience was not a smart one, and Kitty Masterdon had her eye in a moment on the two figures who seated themselves in the vacant places on the other side of the aisle, within a few feet of where she and Mrs. Benetfink were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. 'Two swells,' said Kitty to herself—then the next moment: 'Oh, I say, one is Bob!' She could not have been more surprised if Bob had walked into the drawing-room in Gordon Square.

'That is Bob,' she repeated, watching the two with interested eyes, 'and that other thing's his brother that Letitia thinks so much of. Well now, this is a joke! They will never see me—the brother would never know me if he did—and I shall tell Maud and Ethel afterwards that my places cannot be so vulgar after all, when this grand Captain Latimer thinks them worth coming to;' and she chuckled with renewed delight. 'He looks quite festive,' she proceeded presently, 'and there is Bob laughing like anything! Whenever there is anything very good, we shall all laugh together, and nobody be any the wiser!' She then gave herself up to the play.

'There's a little girl over there enjoying herself hugely,' thought Captain Latimer, and he could not resist looking round once or twice when an infectious trill of merriment from the other side of the aisle broke upon his ear. Kitty had a charming laugh.

Kitty had on her new rose-coloured dress, which matched exactly the bright tint in her cheeks, and enhanced the blue of her limpid eyes and the gold of her overflowing hair. She looked what she was—a lovely, happy young girl, without a care in the

world, without a thought which could not be laid bare to every eye. So radiant, so animated, so full of sparkling life and vivacity did she seem, that it was hardly to be wondered at if even amongst a crowd of other youthful faces hers seemed to stand out pre-eminently, especially when viewed in conjunction with the benevolent glances of a silvery-haired old lady who obviously regarded her charge with more than favour. At length it came to this, that there was quite a little ring formed as it were involuntarily, of which Kitty was the centre, who all looked to her, and laughed and applauded whenever anything specially droll on the stage made them sure of the joyous response it would call forth.

'By Jove! she has the jolliest little laugh I ever heard!' And Captain Latimer began quite to listen for the laugh.

But he did not tell Bob about it; and Bob, who was entirely occupied with what was going forward, drinking it all in as though the wit were the most wonderful and the comedy the most absorbing to which he had ever hearkened, missed the by-play.

'Bob's all right,' Kitty told herself. 'Good little Bob; he will never see me across that big brother of his. Sydney must be nearly a foot taller, and he's ever so much better-looking. What fun it is! We must get away as quick as we can when it is over, though, or I should never hear the last of it from the girls.' (Kitty was wont to designate her august sisters as 'the girls' in internal colloquy, her reverence for them and their opinions being only skin-deep.)

She rather surprised Mrs. Benetfink now by the precipitation with which she sprang to her feet almost before the curtain fell, and the urgency with which she caught up her own wrap, and whirled the old lady's round her shoulders.

'There's no hurry, my dear;' but Kitty could not be made to understand that there was no hurry. She was halfway down the aisle before her good-humoured chaperon was well out of her chair, and in her heart was saying: 'She can catch me up outside; I sha'n't go beyond the hall. I can sneak behind the people there, and watch my two swells go by; then I can pounce on Mrs. Benetfink, and we'll toddle merrily home together.'

But there was destined to be a hitch in the programme. Within the next few minutes there was a disturbance in the outer hall which somewhat blocked the exit of those within.

'What a jolly long time it takes to empty this place!' ex-

claimed Captain Latimer to his brother, as the two leisurely strolled down, staring about them, and passing here and there a comment. 'Rum place, isn't it? Looks a bit dusty. One would think it paid well enough to be kept in better repair. And they might open a few more doors, and not keep us all night getting out.'

'They are saying somebody's met with an accident outside,' replied his brother. 'Some woman has fallen down, and hurt herself. Hallo! Who's here?' as the figure of a young girl, by this time quite a familiar figure to Captain Latimer, pressed its way back through the out-streaming current, and to the latter's amazement the voice which he had heard rippling so merrily throughout the evening, now in piteous accents accosted his brother, and that by the familiar appellation of 'Bob.'

'Why, Kitty!' exclaimed Bob. 'Why—what on earth?—I did not know you were in town! It is my sister-in-law,' in explanation aside. 'Kitty, this is my brother Sydney——'

'Oh yes!' Kitty disposed of the introduction with a nod, having no time to think about it. 'Oh, Bob, do come!' seizing him by the hand. 'Come quickly and help me; I don't know what to do. Mrs. Benetfink's fallen and hurt her ankle—she was hurrying after me—there was such a crowd, she didn't see the step, and now I can't find the footman, and—and I don't know what to do——' almost crying.

'All right—all right,' said Bob soothingly; 'you tell Mrs. Benetfink who I am, and I will take care of her; and Syd will find the footman. Is that the old lady?' in a lower tone, as they came up with a little sympathising group of which the hapless Mrs. Benetfink was the object. 'Sorry to hear you have had a fall, ma'am. Pray let me see you to your carriage.' In a moment Sir Robert Latimer stared away all intruders and took possession of the situation; and presently—but we really have no time to tell how it all happened—Kitty found herself seated opposite the poor old lady, her momentary trouble over, but with, alas! a black outlook for the future. Her kind friend was in great pain, and there was no doubt that the fall had been a serious one. A doctor must instantly be summoned.

'You must let me see you home,' said Sir Robert, seating himself by Kitty's side. 'And Syd will go for the doctor if you will tell him where.'

'No, indeed, there's Andrew,' gasped Andrew's mistress, struggling with herself. 'Andrew knows—where—to go;' her eyes closing as she could with difficulty articulate the last words.

'Go at once then,' supplemented Sir Robert, turning to the said Andrew. 'You know the doctor's house. Bring him back with you then; bring somebody, anyway. Don't you be alarmed, Kitty,' turning to her; 'I'm here to stand by you, and I will see you through. I say, what is Syd doing?' turning round to look.

Captain Latimer was mounting the box seat, the footman having already hailed a hansom in which he was driving off.

'Well, that's cool,' murmured Bob. Then in a lower aside: 'But, I suppose, she won't mind?' nodding opposite. 'We will just come to the house, and help you to get her out. It is all right, Kitty,' he added after a pause, for he saw that Kitty could hardly speak.

Although Mrs. Benetfink remained to all appearance almost insensible to the night's proceedings, she was wont to recur to them afterwards in a manner that showed she was by no means so oblivious as was supposed.

'I could not speak,' she would aver, 'and I was very bad, but I was not so bad as to be quite knocked stupid. I knew well enough that I had two fine young men to look after me, and to help me up my own steps, and even up to my own room—with Joseph's assisting, of course; and as for that husband of Letitia's, I declare I could have kissed his honest face, he looked so much concerned, and as if he could have cried too whenever I cried out. And there he sat with me, hand in hand, till the doctor came, insisting upon it that Kitty was too young, and that she had much better be out of the room till I was more myself. And I do think a dearer man there never lived. And what Kitty would have done without him now, I don't know.'

The latter remark had reference to the black outlook which, it has been hinted, loomed before the hapless Kitty's vision directly her immediate anxieties were over, and the nature of the accident ascertained.

'Yes, I am afraid it's all up with you, Kitty.' Sir Robert shook his head after hearing the doctor's verdict. 'No more larks going in this house. Now, I tell you what you will do. You will come straight off to us to-morrow. Letitia shall fetch you——'

Kitty's eyes opened, and her lips parted.

'That will make it all right, won't it?' said Bob, kindly. And he proceeded to dilate.

'Stop,' said Kitty, suddenly. 'Don't ask me; don't say another word; it's awfully kind of you, and you know how I should like it—but it would look—oh, you know what it would look like! She's

the dearest and the kindest—and to have me go and leave her the moment she can't take me about to things, as if I cared for nothing else——' she broke off with a little sob. 'Don't you think anything more about me, Bob. I shall be quite happy here. I am going to show Mrs. Benetfink that I love her *for herself*, and—and——'

'And I tell you what it is,' said Bob, suddenly stepping forward, and seizing her hand in both of his. 'You're a thundering good little girl—that's what you are; and I sha'n't say another word to tempt you away. You're quite right not to desert the old lady. Upon my word, I am proud of you. And I tell you what, Kitty; I will come every single day, and take you to every single place that Mrs. Benetfink had promised you' (for confidence had passed by this time); 'she won't mind my doing that, will she?'

'Oh no!' Kitty was joyfully sure that, so far from minding, nothing would please Mrs. Benetfink better.

'Well, then, I'll come,' said Bob; 'and I can come in and see her and tell her the news, and Letitia shall call. Why she hasn't called already I'm sure I don't know. I don't understand these things. But now, where shall we go to-morrow?'

'We *were* going,' said Kitty, glancing at him, 'to the Crystal Palace.'

'The Crystal Palace!' cried Sir Robert, 'the very thing! I haven't been to the Crystal Palace since I was in petticoats. What time were you going?'

'We *had* been going,' said Kitty with the same dubious emphasis, 'about three o'clock. We were to drive down and have tea, and then go to things; and have dinner, and go to things again; and drive back after the fireworks. To-morrow is a fire-work night, and poor Mrs. Benetfink and I did want so dreadfully to go!'

'I am sorry for Mrs. Benetfink,' said Bob pleasantly; 'but anyhow, you and I will go and enjoy ourselves. May I borrow your phaeton, Syd?'

'I want it for myself,' said Syd, 'if this young lady will give me the pleasure of driving her.'

And now began the most wonderful period of Kitty's life. She had been so happy before, so content with all the simple pleasures provided for her, so grateful for all the lovingkindness lavished upon her, that it might have seemed as though there were hardly any room left in her heart for further emotions of a like nature. But somehow it *was* a different thing to dash off from her own door in an elegant park phaeton, behind a pair of

high-stepping horses who never seemed to need more than an infinitesimal share of their master's attention, from rolling solemnly away within a large landau with only an old lady, however cheerful and amiable, as her companion on the jaunt. It was a new and exhilarating experience to be escorted hither and thither by two smart men, who were yet not smart in any way that would have lessened them in her estimation or detracted from her comfort.

Letitia thought that as it was 'only Kitty,' she need not put herself out to combat Sir Robert's whim of making up to his young sister-in-law for the loss she had sustained. If Kitty liked to go with Bob, and Bob chose to take her, and Sydney Latimer chose to be of the party, there was really no harm in it. Kitty did not require to be chaperoned as yet, and though, as it was 'only Kitty,' it hardly mattered that she had been unearthed in her present 'impossible' quarters, whose very impossibility roused Captain Latimer's compassion, still the very fact of its being 'only Kitty' made it too certain that the feeling was compassion—nothing more.

This was Letitia's view of the case.

But Letitia did not know everything. She did not know, for instance, that the leafy garden within the quaint old square was a pleasant place to sit in on a summer afternoon, and that a cheery little party often camped out there for hours together, of whom one would be an old lady in an invalid chair, one a fair girl in the first flush of youth, and another a tawny-visaged soldier, whose mission it seemed to be to entertain and interest them both. Sometimes the whole afternoon would pass away thus.

On other occasions the trio would await the arrival of a fourth, preparatory to one of the excursions promised by Sir Robert, which he now showed an unexpected and most ingenious fertility in devising. Late though Bob would always be, no one would ever express the slightest impatience at his unpunctuality. Captain Latimer's phaeton would crawl round and round the square, or draw up beneath the rustling shade of overhanging boughs, until horses and men alike grew drowsy 'twixt heat and inactivity; but Syd himself was having a good time on the other side of the railings.

He always came first, and came by himself; he had invariably some good reason to give for doing so. His brother had so many engagements, whereas he had none. Bob was 'rashed' from morning to night in the season; for his part, he liked to take things

easy. It was so jolly sitting still, and it would be cooler driving by-and-by when the sun had begun to go down a little. As for his horses, they were better standing out under the trees than in their own stuffy stable. He hoped Mrs. Benetfink did not think him a nuisance for coming before the time, but it was really so—so jolly sitting there. Evidently there was no other excuse to offer.

Of all this Letitia, as we say, knew nothing. Neither did any of them know that when chirpy little Sir Robert perched himself on the back seat of the phaeton and smoked cigar upon cigar as he was trotted down to Kew, or Richmond, or Kingston Hill—anywhere and everywhere that Kitty had a mind to go—he was saying to himself that playing gooseberry was by no means such bad fun as people made out. Kitty was ‘only a child,’ was she? All right. Sydney was ‘never thinking of her,’ was he not? All right. It was satisfactory to have these beliefs prevail in his own home; they kept everything smooth there, while permitting him a free hand.

And he meant to have a free hand whether permitted or not. ‘Syd is a queer fellow,’ he nodded to himself, ‘and you have got to go his way, not expect him to go yours. Letitia wanted him for one of her sisters,’ with a grin; ‘but, by Jove! she will nearly have a fit when, after going through half the women she knows, she learns that it is only Kitty!’

Accordingly little Bob kept his secret close, and permitted not the faintest suspicion of it to leak out. Indeed at this juncture he exhibited a cleverness unknown before; and Letitia, as well as her sisters, grew to think that there was something almost babyish in Kitty’s silly demands upon her too good-natured brother-in-law.

‘I really should not give in to her as you do,’ Lady Latimer would exclaim now and again; ‘you quite spoil that child.’

Maud and Ethel had proposed Kitty’s returning home, but Bob stoutly combated the idea; and certainly when Kitty came to South Street there was no shadow upon her bright face, and nothing to indicate that all was not going well with her in spite of the misadventure of her hostess.

Every one in South Street was too busy to see much of Kitty—which was perhaps as well, all things considered—but Bob gravely assured them he was doing the best he could for her, and happily no one ever inquired minutely into what that ‘best’ was. ‘They think that Syd still stands all day long in the hall of that old

club,' chuckled Sir Robert to himself, 'and I don't see that it's my business to peach. Of course I could not take a full-blown young lady about like this; but Letitia says herself it is "only Kitty," and I suppose I am about equal to managing Kitty's affairs. They shall not be botched by interference anyway.'

Never in his life had he enjoyed himself so much. He and Sydney took Kitty up the river, and gave her tea in the gardens of the old-fashioned inn beneath the Clieveden Woods, Sir Robert going off for a stroll by himself before the party took to the water again. He escorted her over Hampton Court, and was not at all surprised to find that she and Syd missed him from among the sightseers in the great tapestry hall, and went to look for him down by the water-lily pond. He piloted his inquisitive young sister-in-law down to Gravesend to lunch on board an ocean 'liner,' and thought the expedition quite one to suit Syd; indeed, considered it the most natural thing imaginable that his brother should find the vessel and its equipment so interesting, and such a novelty (although Captain Latimer had sailed to every quarter of the globe) that he must needs follow Kitty up and down and round and round, from the captain's cabin to the engineer's gangway. 'I am about running dry now,' he told himself, however, at the close of this last excursion. 'By Jove! I can't think of much more,' shaking his head wisely.

He took his brother into confidence as they trotted home from Gordon Square in a hansom.

'I think I have done pretty well for you, Syd. Don't you think that now—hum—ah——?'

'Yes, I do think that now—hum—ah—,' retorted Syd frankly. 'To-morrow is Sunday, you know. You need not come along here on Sunday,' pointing backwards with his thumb, 'but I will look you up in the evening. Shall you be in about—say eight o'clock?'

About eight o'clock Sir Robert was pacing his front drawing-room restlessly to and fro, and absolutely refusing to go in to dinner, alleging that Sunday evening dinner could surely wait five minutes when a man was expecting his brother, and when no one was particularly hungry for it.

'You are generally hungry enough!' said Letitia.

'Well, I am not to-night,' said Bob.

The next moment he had his head out of the window and, with a cry that was almost a whoop of exultation, dashed down the staircase before the door-bell rang.

'There is Syd, and—and—a lady with him!' he flung back as he disappeared through the doorway.

'A lady? Who can it be?' Letitia looked round at the other two. 'Bob seems quite excited. What a noise he is making in the hall! Is he going to bring them up? Or shall we go down, and take them into the dining-room? What can be the meaning of all that noise?' as voices and laughter in joyous confusion grew more and more distinctly audible above stairs, the door having been left ajar by Sir Robert in his flight.

'They are coming up, I think,' said Maud, listening; and she and Ethel glanced at each other. They thought they were prepared for what was to follow, and guessed what would be expected of them when Captain Sydney Latimer should be ushered in, and present the lady whose arrival had caused such a commotion. They were ready with the best smiles they could muster, when a swift patter of steps was heard upon the staircase, and were almost disappointed when the light form which darted in, all smiles, tears, and incoherence—all embraces, excuses, and extravagances—proved to be that of—only Kitty!

Had Kitty gone crazed? What was there to kiss, and hug, and cry about? What had happened? What was—what could be—the meaning of it all?

If it had been any one else! But—— 'But, by Jove! I thought it would make you sit up!' cried little Bob, almost beside himself with excitement. 'I knew how you'd feel! It is "only Kitty," is it? Ask this fellow here,' pushing Captain Latimer forward, 'what he has to say to that. *He* doesn't say "only Kitty," I can tell you. He——oh, I say, Letitia,' all in a moment the speaker's face changed, his eyelids fell, a contrite seriousness overspread his whole countenance, 'I am so sorry I kept dinner waiting for only Kitty,' he sighed, penitently.

L. B. WALFORD.

At the Sign of the Ship.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE tidings of Mr. Stevenson's death had been confirmed before the January number of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE appeared, but it was too late to express therein our deep regret for an admirable writer and an old contributor. Mr. Froude, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Jefferies, Mr. Proctor, Professor Tyndall, the Rev. J. G. Wood, and Mrs. Craik are among the other early writers in this periodical whom we have lost. The death of Mr. Stevenson has been as much and as deeply and sincerely regretted (above all by his pupils in literature) as that of any man in our time. His health had never promised long life, but it was hoped that he had acquired new strength in a climate and among scenes which were justly dear to him. In a suitable temperature, far from the troubles of modern existence, among a race of born gentlemen, his friends, and surrounded by members of his own family, he heard monthly of his growing renown in England and America. The success of the collected 'Edinburgh Edition' of his works gave him the liveliest pleasure, chiefly because the books were printed in Edinburgh, the town of his birth, which he had adorned by his genius. His little volume on Edinburgh may seem but a trifle among his works, yet none is more exquisitely written, none more truthful, none more adroit and telling. He wrote it, when still very young, for publication in *The Portfolio*, and never were the aspects, the colour, and the spirit of a town more accurately observed, and more excellently etched in black and white. The scene of his school and college days was always dear to him, despite his sufferings from the driving winds and icy rains. Therefore he took great pride and pleasure in the new edition, which united his name with that of his own romantic town.

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Since Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh has been mother and nurse to no such man of letters as Mr. Stevenson. Their names are

often coupled, not as 'equalled in renown,' or as really akin in genius, but because both, in their diverse ways, were so sensitive to Scottish romance, in modern life as in history and legend. It is true enough (as a critic in the *Spectator* argues) that Scott began, on the ground of facts and feelings, while Mr. Stevenson began on the side of language and art. He made himself, as he has told the world, a learner in style and manner before he applied his art to the topics which he selected. Sir Walter, manifestly, never took any thought of style at all, but told his story, just as it came, in the first words that lay to hand. If we are not to blame Sir Walter (who found, whenever he tried, that attempts at elaboration threw him out of his stride and destroyed his *verve*), neither are we to blame Mr. Stevenson. He taught himself, as a painter is taught, the use of his tools and of his medium. But I do not suppose that he valued words, rhythm, balance of periods, and so forth, for their own sake. These were only prized as means towards the expression of that which he had it in him to say. His material, his ideas, he had always been accumulating by study of life and books. He was a born story-teller, a dreamer of narratives, awake or asleep, a 'seer' of persons, events, and situations. Doubtless he was, from the first, well aware that he possessed this rare gift, and so, with forethought like Milton's, forethought most unusual, he determined to use it rarely. Hence his early habit of imitating noble styles, and of watching to trap the secrets of language, and to discover the necessary and eternal conventions of his art. Hence, too, came his rather severe judgment on Scott's indolence, on his lack of care about selection, and compression, and arrangement. We can only say that, once and again, Sir Walter did try to plan judiciously and stick to his plan, but he was dissatisfied with the results. In one case, in *Wandering Willie's Tale*, he did not throw a word away—he produced a faultless little masterpiece. And, in that case, as the proof-sheets prove, he had worked sedulously over his original draught, and every alteration tells and is for the better. It is quite conceivable that similar labour would have been equally well rewarded; but Scott did not think so, and let his genius take its course.

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Like Sir Walter, the romance of his country's history filled Mr. Stevenson's mind from boyhood. His earliest printed work is his pamphlet on the Pentland Rising, written when he was sixteen. He was at heart a Covenanter, as Scott was a Cavalier,

though the dour folk of the Moss Hags would have little loved this strange child of their loins. Hackston of Rathillet, the murderer of the Archbishop, attracted Mr. Stevenson's fancy, just because of the passage which tells us how the man sat looking on the slaughter of his private enemy, with his cloak drawn over his mouth. To know more of Rathillet he, as a mere boy, sat poring over old Wodrow's dry manuscripts. Enough of life, of characters, of stories he had in his heart; but he would not tell them (he burned his *Rathillet*) till he could do them justice.

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I must own that his romances have not the solidity, have not the atmosphere and natural realness of Scott's; and it is, of course, a difficult thing to say why the more conscientious and more skilled and refined artist produces the less substantial effect. The answer is simply that Scott had a far larger and more potent share of genius, just as he had an infinitely superior physical organisation. Mr. Stevenson did the best possible with his means. He had Sir Walter's wide sympathies, his love of the heroic, his joy in the open air; but he was constantly cloistered in a sick room. This must tell, and I have little doubt that it tells in the comparatively unsubstantial effect of Mr. Stevenson's stories. They are, surely, not the worse for being the better written!

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Again, there is a good deal of the accidental in Mr. Stevenson's work. He has told us by what a chance he came to write *Treasure Island*. Why did the Ardshiel murder especially allure him, and why did he change the long, gaunt Allan Breck Stuart of fact into the vivacious little Celt of fiction? What do we lack in *The Master of Ballantrae*? The novel reader, here as often, lacks a love story; and why did Mr. Stevenson so seldom write a love story? His deficiency here in part accounts, perhaps, for the astonishing fact of his comparative unpopularity. Of course, we do not expect the public to read essays—even his; but why, in comparison with half a dozen authors whom we need not compare with him, do they neglect his tales? Probably because ladies will have what Mr. Stevenson so rarely gave. The 'love interest' in novels is not, after all, very keen as a rule. *The Three Musketeers* does very well without it, and it is not for the love affair that we value *Old Mortality* or *Barry Lyndon*. But people expect some kind of a love interest, and

from Mr. Stevenson they seldom got it. The absence of women, too, must inevitably prevent his narratives from being complete pictures of life; and this partly causes their relative lack of substance. Then, if we look at the half-dozen different social worlds drawn, say, in *The Heart of Mid Lothian* and *Rob Roy*, and compare the narrowness of outlook, after all, in *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae* (where we wander so far abroad), we see good reasons for agreeing that Mr. Stevenson had not the opulent genius of Scott. He is a 'Little Master,' but of the 'Little Masters' the most perfect and delightful.

* * *

A. T. Q. C. in *The Speaker* has justly said that Mr. Stevenson was to many writers a kind of conscience. Though he might never see their work, they thought of his precepts and example, and, for his sake, tried to make it better. Even this hurried pen has occasionally erased and altered, merely because of Mr. Stevenson's example and his protest against the slipshod and the stereotyped. That many should have been thus constrained and reproved by that absent conscience is a tribute to the power of Mr. Stevenson. I am not quite certain that this conscience has always been happy in its results. People write, with elaborate pains, till they write themselves into 'preciosity.' And the matter, too often, will not bear being tormented. Let every one write in his own way, but it remains true that 'the worst kind of writing comes of trying to write too well.' There are a few such blemishes in Mr. Stevenson's own work, but very few. In the works of his would-be imitators, as always happens, there are more of these faults in a page than in a dozen of his volumes. He certainly took great pains; he copied and recopied chapters. This process reached its height in *Prince Otto*, wherein, to borrow his own phrase, he 'reclines on the bosom of' Mr. Meredith. Perhaps his absolutely best things are his brief tales—'A Night with Villon,' 'The Sieur Malétoit's Door,' 'Thrawn Janet.' These are perfect wholes. *Kidnapped* is not so, partly because he was interrupted by bad health; and in *The Master of Ballantrae* most readers find the closing scenes discordant. In no novel, except perhaps *The Black Arrow*, did he fail to give us scenes remarkable for vividness of vision. The reader 'has been there,' and remembers the guinea jingling through the window, Cluny with his cookery, the soldier striking his palm on the burning surface of the rock, David Balfour walking into

Inverary Kirk, the Chevalier Bourke's quarrel with The Master, Pew's staff tapping along the road, the bald head of the murdered man at the *Pomme de Pin*, and scores of other visions no less distinct than these.

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We cannot reckon how many of such pleasures we have lost. Mr. Stevenson told me that he had three or four novels on hand. *St. Yves*, it is said, concerns a French prisoner in Scotland during Napoleon's wars. *The Chief Justice* is probably about some Lord Braxfield of last century. There was to have been a novel of the White Cockade, for which I had sent out materials, printed and in manuscript, to Samoa. Mr. Stevenson favoured me with a scheme of the heads of chapters, such as he used to draw up, but he often changed his dispositions. I am nearly sure that David Balfour was, in the original plan, to have been carried to the plantations in America. For the new Highland story, I remember, Mr. Stevenson wanted information about Mandrin, the famed French marauder. The story was to open at Avignon, in 1749, at the little court of Prince Charles. Possibly none of it was ever put on paper. To other remains we may look forward with melancholy interest. Doubtless, too, the South Sea papers will be collected from *Black and White*. They have been highly praised by persons who know the South Seas. But to consider thus only increases our regret for a genius so friendly, so suddenly taken away from us. Like Goldsmith and Scott in the past, Mr. Stevenson, among the living, was the best loved of writers. Of all his wonderful variety of characteristics and endowments, varying from those of a Cameronian Whig to the amiable traits in a Villon, none fails to find expression in his works. Among them all, kindness and courage were predominant, and thus he has acquired such treasures of affectionate regard as perhaps attend no other genius of our day. 'Divers et ondoyant' he was, as Montaigne says; time nor custom could stale his infinite variety. But, through all and over all, the light shone from courage and kindness. Many others, in England, France, and America, knew Mr. Stevenson far more intimately than I can pretend to have done, and can speak of him far better; but in this estimate of his character it is likely that all will agree. How happy should we be that, without waiting for old age, he spoke so frankly from the first about that most interesting of all his characters—himself! Yet the self of his innumerable confessions was no creature of his own creation; he did not invent or even modify it, but only saw

it, as he saw all men and things, with the lucidity of genius. That child who plays in *The Child's Garden of Verse* can hardly now be contemplated without an emotion too sacred for words ; and I confess that I have never been able to read these unique poems without a certain contemned weakness. His genius was not only clearer and more luminous than that of others, but sparkled from a thousand facets in many-coloured fires. In him we find not only the romancer, the delightful essayist, the careful and original critic, the historical observer, the humourist, but the poet, singing in that child's garden where he remains a child. In himself he was, in divers moods, a synopsis of all the Ages of Man—the child, the boy, the adventurer, the sage. That the combination of so many gifts, usually isolated, should have been so amiable, is the crowning praise of his character and genius. These notes seem to be bent on passing from a criticism into a eulogy, but so it must be when we turn from the author to contemplate the man—and the boy!

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It is possible that the miscellaneous and varied character of Mr. Stevenson's works may do him an injury with posterity ; perhaps he would have been more highly considered by his own generation if he had concentrated himself on fiction. The world only read him in his novels, as he himself observed. His 'Foot Note' on Samoan affairs, with the brilliant description of the tempest at Apia, did not appeal to the general. Poetry and essays, of course, even when they are so unique as his essays, and so full of an original personality as his poems, are 'drugs in the market.' It was manifest that when he cast his romances in the isles of Ocean, his readers were affrighted by the remoteness and novelty of the scene. Had he gone into history, as was his desire, and written an account of the Highlands, he would still have pleased only the few. Luckily for him, he never obtained an historical chair in a college or university, though he twice cast his eyes on such a post. He was far from being a rich man ; he had to write for his livelihood. He had a horror of journalism—indeed, was unfitted for journalism ; so he worked at such matters as fell in his way, and as his health at the moment did not forbid him to undertake. His two masterpieces in humorous and sentimental travel were intended to make a little money—ludicrously little ; but *Travels with a Donkey* is still only in its seventh thousand. The book on Edinburgh was a commission, as has been

said, from *The Portfolio*. He has told the public how want of pence forced him on a story, how a dream (as Walpole says about his own *Castle of Otranto*) suggested *Jekyll and Hyde*. He wrote it rapidly and offered it to the editor of LONGMAN'S for his magazine. But the editor justly deemed that the book should be read right through, not divided over spaces of a month. It appeared, therefore, as a shilling volume, and has had about a fifth of the popularity of *Called Back*, a singular instance of the general taste. Thus circumstances caused Mr. Stevenson to *éparpiller* his genius, and I fear that he has fallen under the reproach of versatility, so fatal in a country like ours. All that he did was of the best; he charmed his readers in a score of different ways; even biography he undertook in a spirit of loyal friendship; even the drama he attempted (in alliance with Mr. Henley)—his drama, I fear, *laudatur et alget*. Thus he *was* versatile; the reproach cannot be evaded, but it is just, as well as charitable, to lay the blame on inevitable circumstance as much as on the agility of his mind and the variety of his interests.

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As to Mr. Stevenson's opinions about his contemporaries and their performances I know nothing, or next to nothing. He was not a reviewer. But I have every reason to believe that younger novelists than he were often encouraged and heartened by his praise. Mr. Crockett certainly enjoyed this advantage, and I understand that others can say the same. I remember how strongly he sided with me about a work on which I had dissented from the general verdict of reviewers; but I do not recall another such instance. He sent me, once, a very humorous poem on something in which I was myself concerned. Unluckily the verses are lost, not that I would print them if they were still in my possession. Indeed, I have kept none of his letters, which were usually very brief, and mainly concerned with books and other materials needed for his work, or with the manners, customs, and legends of Samoa and the other islands. His last letters to me dealt with his deep concern about the health of our common friend, his old editor, Mr. James Payn. His regret seemed to have overwhelmed his spirits, and he expressed anxieties about himself which, I think, were vague and general, as of one looking to an end still remote. It certainly did not occur to me that his health caused him any present anxiety. Our great loss, the irreparable and inconsolable loss of those dearest to him, is his gain. In the

fulness of his force and genius he has passed away, and he lies, if not where he would have chosen to sleep, in his own dear country, still in an enviable grave. His column, unlike the oar of Elpenor on his mound above the sea, will remind those who sail by of a man not 'unlucky,' but fortunate in the dauntless courage which overcame so many evils.

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Just as the last *Ship* was launched, I received from Nova Scotia some information about Esther Cox, the heroine of the Great Amherst Mystery, of the green pickle, of the convulsions, the raps, and the volatile objects. First, there is *The Central Ray*, a college magazine published by the undergraduates of the Central University of Iowa (May 1893). To this a gentleman named Morgan contributes a letter on the Amherst Mystery. He, like myself, had read the 'Great Amherst Mystery,' and made inquiries. He received (April 24, 1893) a reply from Mr. Arthur Davison, Amherst, clerk of the County Court there, and this is published in *The Central Ray*. Mr. Davison is 'no believer in spiritualism,' but has a theory that there is a 'magnetic power' inherent in human beings, and that in Esther Cox's case this 'became unhinged.' Esther was for three months a maid in his employment, 'and a better we never had in twenty years.' 'I have often watched her to see how she came downstairs; she seemed to fly.' This is precisely what many respectable witnesses said in the case of Miss Shaw, of Bargarran (1697), who was thought to be bewitched, and who founded the thread manufactories of Renfrewshire. A Mrs. Margaret Lang was burned, with several others, as the guilty causes of the phenomena! The author of the Great Amherst Mystery 'painted the facts up, to make the book sell, but the facts were there all the same.' 'She was very much afraid of this Thing,' as she called it, and when Mr. Davison tried to make her direct the force by conscious willing, 'she became afraid' and desisted. Mr. Davison describes a scene (as does Mr. Hubbell) in which he and her physician, Dr. Carrette (now dead), saw her lying very ill, her body suddenly swelling and collapsing. While she lay thus a rapping began on the footboard of the bed, grew loud, louder, and then she opened her eyes and recovered consciousness. 'It was the hardest scene I ever witnessed.' When Mr. Davison was sitting *between* Esther and an open drawer full of knives and forks, a fork arose, flew at him,

and hit him on the head. 'When a man gets a whack on the head, it then, *with him at least*, assumes a reality.' On another occasion, Mr. Davison, entering his stable, saw Esther going out, followed by a currycomb. He stepped out of the path of the infuriated currycomb, which hit the doorpost. He picked it up, and does not say that he observed any attachment to string, horsehair, or the like. Another time he met Esther at the door of the stable. She had the milk-bucket in one hand, in the other she was just taking a key from Mr. Davison (whose left hand held a bundle), when a two-quart pail of water came off the table inside, and spilt itself over Esther and her employer, 'spoiling my cuffs.' The table, within the door, was round a corner, at a distance of six or eight feet, as shown in a diagram. Many other objects flew about; finally, Esther (as we saw last month) was put in prison for setting the barn on fire.

That is the gist of Mr. Davison's evidence. A gentleman of position at Amherst has examined witnesses, and totally disbelieves in the 'ghosts' and the 'intelligent rapping' as 'admitted imposture.' The phenomena described by Mr. Davison remain 'inexplicable on ordinarily received theories.' 'It is possible, though not probable, that she managed it by means of horsehair, or other almost invisible strings.' This, of course, could not be the explanation in the case of the water-dipper. A physician, who attended Esther when confined, after her marriage, 'never saw anything supernatural about her in any way—quite the contrary.' Only 'some ignorant or weak-minded people were believers.' Mr. Davison cannot be called 'a believer,' but he was certainly an intelligent and perplexed observer. So there we leave Miss Cox to the judgment of the ages, merely remarking that her malady or imposture is identical with dozens of historical instances, in which hysterical persons, to put it at the lowest, exercised an art of trickery that it would be hard for Mr. Maskelyne to rival. In the Devonshire case, given by Miss Florence O'Neil, the heroine, or victim, was a girl of the best possible character and the trouble (as in Esther's case) began after a sudden fright. But we never hear of any such matter among the innumerable fantastic, tricky, hysterical patients studied by the great French specialists in nervous diseases. These patients are certainly capable of any imposture, and it is odd that they never try to repeat the effects (so well known in popular tradition) of 'the *Dæmon of Spraiton*,' and of Esther Cox.

ANDREW LANG.

